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Leonard James Green - '46

IT was obvious from an early age, even to my devoted family, that I was not destined to be a beauty.

I showed no promise of ever having the sort of face that would launch even one small tug-boat, let alone overthrow Governments or turn the heads of Cabinet Ministers.

What illusions I had about my looks were soon dispelled by my brothers. They left me in no doubt that I wasn't even a starter in the glamour stakes.

But did I lose heart? Did I sit down and resign myself to a life of embroidering tablecloths, taking the dog for a walk, and being aunt to a dozen of my best friends' children?

Certainly not. Not even five years of wearing bands on my teeth discouraged me (and if there is anything calculated to make you more anti-social than bands on the teeth you tell me).

I was skinny. True, the pencil-slim outline was de rigueur, but in my teens my figure looked more like rigor mortis in an advanced stage.

Mother used to feed me buckets of cod-liver oil and milk, but it never made any difference. Then at 20 I started to get fat.

Mother said "plump," but she couldn't fool me.

I tried everything, from living entirely on pineapple juice to the nine-day diet, but all that happened was that I came out in a rash.

So I faced facts. I was plain. I was "plump."

But that wasn't going to stop me from getting my man.

I knew that if I wasn't beautiful and men didn't fall at my feet after taking one look at me, I had to make the best of a bad job and decide what type I would be.

I realised I had a choice of three—"The Good Sport," "The Intelligent Girl," or "The Mother Type."

Any one of these three might

PLAIN JANE GETS HER MAN.

By
ANNABELLE LEE

eventually get me a man for keeps, but, of course, I wouldn't have the chance to do much picking and choosing. I decided to be "The Intelligent Girl."

This is, I would like to say at the beginning, the most difficult type to be, because it takes good solid hard work and no letting up.

There were always moments when I was sitting at home reading a good book when I would have willingly swapped the whole Public Library for one ring on the telephone.

It usually takes some years to reach maturity, my "intelligent girl," and you probably won't marry until you're anything from 26 to 40.

That's how it was with me, and oddly enough I picked a man who hardly read anything but Westerns and Agatha Christie.

But he loved me for my beautiful mind.

"You're so clever," he used to sigh fatuously at me. "You talk so well. You're not beautiful, but you've got something."

So now, my not-so-pretty, I'm qualified to pass on my advice born of experience.

Not many men enjoy feeling inferior to a mere woman, but there are rare cases, and when you see one grab him.

You'll spend the rest of your days trying to explain John Dos Passos and T. S. Elliot to him, but he'll be a good husband and will always help with the vacuuming on Saturday mornings and talk proudly about you to his friends.

Naturally, as an intelligent, cultivated girl you'll meet a lot of equally intelligent men. The best places to



HE DISCOVERS that you are the type who prefers an evening at home to flying around to night-clubs.

find them are in art societies or Little Theatre groups. Don't waste your time joining a golf or tennis club.

They know all about Dos Passos and T. S. Elliot, but they seldom have much money or prospects. If you marry one of them you'll probably have to go on being a career girl unless you're lucky like me and find a comfortably-off accountant.

A girl with brains can win through, believe me.

Now we come to "The Good Sport" or "The Healthy Outdoor Type."

She needs a certain amount of native shrewdness to get the situation summed up. She isn't pretty, her feet are large, her skin is too tanned, and her hair isn't as glossy as it might be as a result of too much swimming.

For her the well-cut tweeds and sensible shoes. For ever she must renounce the soft, frilly clothes, the high heels, and the exotic upswart or soft curling hair-do.

If she sticks to her type she can't fail to get her man, either.

But she must be unflinching in her efforts. There must be no slacking, not one lapse into a beflowered or feathered hat.

If the young man she met at a party, the one who spends his winter holidays skiing at Kosciuszko and the summer riding surfboards at Bondi, ever saw her in one of those hats she'd lose him.

To him she's the sort of girl he can take for a thirty-mile hike through some of the roughest country in Australia, and at the end of the trek she's saying, "Goah, it's been wonderful," and lighting a fire to boil the billy.

This sort of thing's hard on the soles of the feet, but it will end up with the plain gold band and the cosy little flat.

"Good Sport" wins

THEN can "The Good Sport" relax and think happily about that beautiful blonde who was at the same party, and who obviously had her big blue eyes on him.

She probably would have had him, too, but for her unforgivable indiscretion of saying, "I loathe walking and I hate surfing. It RUINS my hair."

Third on the list is "The Mother Type."

Now, any girl with an atom of savoir faire can be this type. Of the three it's probably the quickest and surest way to get yourself a husband. The scope is wider.

Every man likes to be mothered, whereas every man doesn't like long hikes or talking about Higher Art.

All men have a mother complex. It's a hangover from their childhood days.

Either they had a mother who didn't give them enough mothering, or they had one who was devoted. So for the rest of their lives they are trying to find a woman who will give them the mothering they missed or one who is as devoted to them as their mama was.

And don't forget that every man is just a little boy. Spoil him, feed him, pet him, and he's yours.

The first and most important step in the campaign is showing him how capable you are in the house.

When he asks you out to dinner and a show, go by all means, but, when the second invitation comes,

say "Let's have a cosy night at home."

And then you'll have to cook the best dinner you ever cooked.

If he likes steak and kidney pudding, cook it, although the thought of eating it yourself may be anathema.

If he likes fruit salad and cream, spend hours preparing it. If he doesn't like sweet dishes get the choicest piece of gorgonzola cheese you can buy.

After a good meal let him relax comfortably. Don't ask him to help you dry the dishes. After all, he will have to do plenty of that for the next fifty years.

After dinner you can say brightly, "Really, that button on your coat is about to come off any moment, I'll sew it on in a jiffy."

If he hasn't got any buttons that look like falling off, then bring out your knitting or start mending one

of the family sheets. You will find that everything is set for a comfortable evening.

It will dawn on him with relief that you aren't the type who wants to go flying round to expensive night-clubs four times a week.

In a few weeks' time he'll be coming round often and telling you what he said to the boss and what the boss said to him.

You, being an expert mother type, will not forget to applaud whatever it was HE said.

It won't be long before you're ordering the magnolia satin wedding gown and the cut tulle veil and a honeymoon at the best hotel, where you won't have to do any cooking. But heed my one last word of advice.

Whatever type you decide to be don't forget the one Basic Principle—let him talk about himself.

There isn't another thing in the world in which he's more interested.

Soak Comfort into Tender Skin

Even one application soaks back lasting softness. Use Hinds faithfully. Take a bottle wherever you go. There's a handbag size for only 1/11s.



Quick acting
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
for Honeymoon Hands

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing *Actevin* (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



"DAMP-SET" Your hair with Velmol

A "damp-set" with Velmol works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes—with a few drops of Velmol—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls—just as you like them best.

First: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Next: Moisten brush with Velmol and brush through hair. Now: Arrange hair with fingers and comb—you'll be delighted with your deep, firm, thrilling waves and curls that last for days—yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea. Now Velmol makes it so easy—so simple—that you can "damp-set" your own hair at home . . . yourself!



Condition Yellow

By ...
ROBERT CARSON

IT was just an ordinary test, the kind they made practically every day at Acme Studios, Incorporated—Merton J. Hankin, In Charge of Production. This one was even without sound, simply a few shots from various angles to see if some girl would look good on the screen.

Cyclone Ross bent and peered through the lens of the movie camera. There was no head man on such an unimportant affair, and the best boy was lighting the set for him. Cyclone asked in his soft voice for a bit of diffusion on the junior spot and a silk on the lens. An elderly make-up man, who was standing in for the lighting, shifted restlessly.

"Listen," he said, "where is that girl? Does she think she's Lauren Bacall? I got to be over on Stage Two in a few minutes."

"I guess that junior isn't hot enough now," Cyclone said mildly. "Give it a few turns the other way

again, will you, Joe?" He looked, and then straightened up. "Okay, boys."

The operator took his place and racked the camera over. He fished for a cigarette.

"This is the first time I ever saw one of these babes late," he remarked.

"I always feel sorry for them," Cyclone said. "They're so nervous and uncertain and humble, and they don't get a very fair go. I try to be nice to them."

"You're nice to everybody, Cyclone," the operator said. "You can't help it. I kept telling them round here that you wouldn't be changed at all, no matter what happened to you."

Cyclone grinned. "I can't holler—that's the trouble with me."

"Trouble?" the operator said. "I hope you never have any worse trouble. You should see the fellows in the camera department fighting to get on your crew. I'd take a cut in pay myself if I could work with you."

"Why, that's mighty nice of you," Cyclone said. "Very nice. Thanks."

The operator's eyes seemed to be filled with devotion, hero-worship, and general good will. He was obviously on the brink of going completely to pieces and saying something really complimentary. A lot of people were that way to Cyclone since he had come back, and it made him nervous. He walked away from the operator before he could unload.

Standing alone near the door, Cyclone smoked a cigarette as he waited. The make-up man was still beefing and the crew weren't pleased, but he was at peace. A tall young man, too thin and pale as yet, he had an amiable face, an unobtrusive manner, and gentle brown eyes.

No one had ever heard him raise his voice or show impatience, yet somehow he had been one of the top cameramen in the movies before he went away, as well as one of the highest paid, and when he returned he was promptly grabbed by Acme. Of course, he was colorless. He lacked side and temperament, and in a mixed gathering nobody had anything to say against him. They had nothing to say for him, either; he had always been too modest to publicize his triumphs.

The door burst suddenly open, and Cyclone had to duck to avoid it. He gazed deeply into a pair of burning blue eyes. They belonged to a small lady of tender years, who was wearing an expression of enormous anger. She had a lovely face, tanned enough to bring out the freckles round the base of her short nose, a firmly moulded chin, and an enchanting figure that Cyclone lacked time to examine. Her voice, when she spoke, was clear and bell-like.

Gazing at Jane, Cyclone said, "You ought to be thinking of a home, a husband, children."

"My good man," she said, "when you have satisfied your slack-jawed, peasant curiosity, will you be kind enough to direct me to the test set?"

"Yes, ma'am," Cyclone said, and pointed. "It's right over there."

"Thank you." She paused. "What are you here—the watchman?"

"No, I'm the cameraman."

"Really?" the girl said. "They must have simplified cameras lately."

"They never were awfully complicated," Cyclone said. "It's only a matter of getting used to them."

She stared at him suspiciously. But his innocent face was untroubled and affable. He was so obviously un-insulted that she appeared not to know quite how to go on.

"I—ah—I'm Jane Bennett," she said, "and I've had enough nonsense from this joint. Do you want to make something of it, too?"

"No, ma'am."

"What's your name?"

"Well," Cyclone said, "my real name is Cicero Ross, which is pretty tough, but everyone calls me Cyclone."

"Well, Cyclone, are you ready to make my test?" Jane asked. "Immediately, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's refreshing. How they stall you in these studios! You'd think standing in front of one of those big black boxes was a holy rite. I haven't been so burnt up since—since a little while ago."

"Yes, ma'am," Cyclone said respectfully.

"Another thing," Jane said. "They wanted me to wear one of those

ridiculous, slinky evening gowns that have to be applied to you in layers like a veneer. No woman in her right mind ever wears one outside of a burlesque show. I refused flatly."

"I think you were right."

"That's going to be a great comfort to me in the years to come." Jane stopped to eye him doubtfully. "I'm sorry. I talk that way all the time. It's a bad habit with me."

"Yes, ma'am," Cyclone said.

"Look, Cyclone," Jane said, and her angry face grew patient and was as nice to look at as ever. "You don't seem particularly bright, but you are the only person with whom I have been able to carry on an intelligent conversation since I arrived in this studio. I may favor you with more of my confidences later."

"I'd like that," Cyclone said.

"I'm going to take this whole matter right to Merton J. Hankin the moment the test is over, so let's get going."






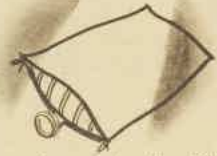
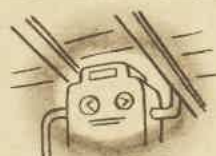








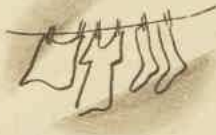
"Yes, ma'am."

They walked over to the set, and the assistant cameraman put her into position, chalked her marks on the floor, and measured the distance to the camera with a tape. Cyclone took another look through the camera. He loosened the head, tilted down, and slowly panned up. What tiny feet, gorgeous legs, delicate waist, beautiful . . . Cyclone arrived at her face. She was glaring at the make-up man, who was also in the shot.

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Quiz

Do you realise how many peace-time uses there are for your flashlight? How it can help you go after slugs at night. Or see that baby is properly covered without switching on the overhead light? Go through this Quiz and if you can say "Yes" to even half of the uses then go straight out and spend a few pence in Eveready re-fills for your flashlight. Remember when you can see you're safe.

 <p>Do you need a Flashlight when the lights in your house fuse</p>	 <p>to see the time in the night...</p>	 <p>to get a drink of water without waking others...</p>	 <p>to find out what's making that noise...</p>
 <p>for walking home along dark streets...</p>	 <p>to keep under the pillow for noises in the night...</p>	 <p>to guard you from head bumps under the house...</p>	 <p>to save you frights in dark pantries...</p>
 <p>to go to an outside toilet...</p>	 <p>to see a home number from your car...</p>	 <p>for sleeping out...</p>	 <p>to find that darn switch anyway...</p>
 <p>to get at the tool chest of your car...</p>	 <p>to make sure children are properly covered...</p>	 <p>to get car out of garage or look for slugs...</p>	 <p>to get clothes off line at night...</p>

• LOOK FOR THE DATE LINE • LOOK FOR THE DATE LINE • LOOK FOR THE DATE LINE • LOOK FOR THE DATE LINE • LOOK FOR THE DATE LINE

QUESTION: Why should you always ask for Eveready dated flashlight batteries?
(You can buy them at all electrical supply counters throughout Australia.)

ANSWER: A fresh flashlight battery throws the strongest beam of light. Naturally it lasts longer, too. Eveready has introduced the date-line flashlight battery to Australia. Always the strongest battery it is always the freshest, too. So insist on Eveready flashlight batteries and look for that date-line. A good tip. You will get much more use from your refills if you keep switching on and off.



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
Longer Lasting
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES



*She shall have music
wherever she goes
Sports News and Serials
and Musical Shows,
Although she's a lass
with a delicate air
She carries her radio
everywhere.
She swings it—the radio—
gaily along
Enjoying the music clear,
sweet and strong.
Such a radio, surely her
small strength will tax,
Not this one! A Portable!
With its new Mini-Max.*



It was the tiny, miracle battery which Eveready developed that made the Walkie Talkie possible.

That same Eveready Mini-Max battery has made possible the extra-small, extra-light portable radios that you're going to see everywhere this coming summer. You won't have to stick by your big home radio any longer to hear special broadcasts. You'll simply take your portable with you into the garden; to the cricket match; to the picnic; to the week-end cottage.

All leading radio manufacturers will be making portable radios.

EVEREADY
MINI-MAX
Portable
Radio Batteries

Land of the TORREONES

By C. BUDINGTON KELLAND

FOR three days, waiting for roads to dry and become passable, and for streams to subside, the expedition lived an cave-dwellers on their shelf of rock. The weather was clear after the rains, and the air so crisp that it seemed almost powdery to the touch.

There was little to do. Mike Bronson found it difficult to invent tasks to keep the men busy, and they whiled away the time with a dog-eared pack of cards.

The Limey and Jack Maxwell sought Kelsey Bobbs' society, and by the end of the second day they commenced to regard each other with unfriendly eyes. Kelsey read the signs and raised a protective barrier. It was the old thing starting over again. Even here in this fastness she could not escape from it.

For days she had known a sense of freedom, and of serenity, and of tremendous relief. But now, again, she was the pursued.

Maxwell was young, and intense, and direct. The Limey was adroit and devious in his approach to her, but supercilious to his rival. It was a game that almost any girl would have enjoyed, but Kelsey did not enjoy it. She was aware that it was not herself, her own peculiar and individual attributes, that attracted the two men.

It was simply that they were men and she was a girl—the only available girl.

MIKE BRONSON, young archaeologist, is leading an expedition in search of molybdenite, discovered by BIG-NOSE KELLY. Kelly, who was to be guide, is kidnapped by PETE SKILLMAN'S men, from the rival Potosi company, and LINK POVAH is engaged in his place.

The party includes MR. BOBBS, president of the International Copper Company, who finances the expedition, his daughter KELSEY, JACK MAXWELL, and monocled Englishman RUPERT CAVENDISH, known as the LIMHEY. They aim to race Skillman to the deposit. Kelsey sees the Limey assisting to loot a store, and later semaphoring an unknown man, and suspects him to be a spy. She tells her father and Bronson, but they do not believe her. Now read on:

She was oddly grateful to Mike Bronson, who remained aloof from her, and much as she fancied she disliked the young man for his gaucheries, she came to regard him as a sort of refuge because he had not succumbed and because he appeared to be impervious.

So she avoided the Limey and Maxwell to the point of rudeness, and actually sought and found opportunities to be with Mike. Cavendish and Maxwell played a sort of game to detach her and be alone with her. Mike was obvious in his determination to avoid her. Old Man Povah watched the comedy with sardonic eye.

On the third morning she had followed Mike to the portal of the canyon, where he stood leaning against the sandstone wall, looking anxiously at the country below. He was eager to be started, impatient of delay. He turned his

head as she came up behind him and his eyes contained no warmth of welcome.

"When can we start again?" she asked.

"You have," he said, "asked me that four times to-day. The answer is the same. You know it. Why do you follow me about?"

"It is not," she said, "that I love you more, but that I love the Limey and Maxwell less."

"Maybe," he said, "you can see why I was not enthusiastic about your presence in this party. Men get on one another's nerves when they are compelled to put up with one another for weeks and months. That's bad enough. But when it is complicated by the presence of a woman, the danger is multiplied."

"It's not my fault," she said in weak defence.

"It's your fault for being where you don't belong," he answered.

"At least," she said bitterly, "you don't join in the hunt."

"I hope I make that apparent."

"To my great satisfaction," Kelsey said.

"You don't really have to make it worse," he told her.

"How," she asked, "do I make it worse? I do everything I can to repel them. I hate it."

"So," he said with sarcasm, "you spill oil on the fire by adding a touch of mystery."

"Mystery!" she exclaimed.

"Those dark-lensed spectacles," he said. "You have every man wondering why you wear them, and what is hidden by them. They can see how tall you are and how wide. It is apparent that you have a feminine figure which a great many men would consider attractive. The bottom part of your face looks as if you might be rather pretty." He frowned at her. "But you wear a mask, so they have to guess about how pretty you are and what your eyes look like. A datted mystery. What's the big idea? What's the matter with your eyes? Are they cocked?"

Kelsey resorted to flippancy. She quoted a foreign proverb to the effect that if your friend has only one eye, you should regard his profile.

"That proverb does not apply," Mike said, still frowning. "I'll make up one myself that fits: 'If you want to set people hunting for something, make it evident you have hidden it.'"

Her hand went up to her glasses, and for an

"Go away and be tough somewhere else," said Mike.

Kelsey knew this would help to dry the roads and make them passable. "Your friend Skillman," Mike said after a time, "will be on his way to Kayenta. He has a decent road, passable to motor-cars. But at Kayenta he will have to take to horses. It is possible he will arrive there before us."

"Then what?" she asked. "If he has left Kayenta when we arrive, we must keep on his heels. If he has not come, we must wait for him."

"With," said Kelsey, "the strictly legal intention of kidnapping Kelly back again from him."

"Exactly," Mike answered.

"Whereupon," Kelsey speculated, "they will have to snatch him from us, and so on and so on, back and forth."

"Once we get possession of Kelly," he said grimly, "we will keep him."

"But what is to stop their following us?"

"That," he said, "is precisely the point I am considering. I shall have to devise an expedient to discourage them. An ore body worth, perhaps, millions of dollars is the prize in this contest. I've heard of men getting rough with one another when much less was at stake."

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It may never come to this in your office, either — of course, anyone observing the what's what in office routine at 8.45 ack emma would frown on such "goings-on" — tell you it was definitely not the done thing. But — even if you do have to keep your feet on the ground, your morning tub with PROTEX Soap puts a new face on the day's work.

PROTEX is the soap with the clean, refreshing fragrance of the Australian bush. PROTEX is quick to lather and cleanses thoroughly, and because it is the **safe soap** for even the most sensitive skins, it can be used by every member of the family. PROTEX Soap contains a mild, efficient antiseptic, more effective than carbolic!

THE parlor car was filled, and Reg Munro went back to his seat in the Pullman after a late lunch. A slight figure in old officer's khaki, with the lean, worn look of years on active service, he bent his head over a magazine for purposes of isolation.

He had suspected that his berth companion opposite would start a conversation with him at the first opportunity. The tune of "Lill Marleen," which used to hum in his head like a fly, had given place to one of his old favorites, "Going Home." He could not read; his mind was focused by the words on Clare.

He wondered if there had always been something remote about Clare, never entirely his. Habitually she had been sweet and gentle, if a trifle stubborn toward opposition; not as talkative as most women, a continual check to his own impulsiveness and minor irritations. But only on that construction work, when they had shared a cabin for five months on the edge of the bush, had they grown completely close to each other.

Then Tom's imminent arrival had taken her to a city hospital; and she had left it, with the baby, for her mother's house in the small country town which was now his destination. For war had intervened, and he had joined the Engineers on his way home then: four years ago, four whole years.

Everything was arranged for Reg. His affairs had been put through in half the time he had expected when he sent Clare the night letter from Ottawa saying he might be delayed a week. The doctors had said there was no reason why he should not recover in this climate under a quiet routine. There was a position promised at his final discharge next month, where his engineering would be as useful after the war as now. Clare could get rid of the house in Meadows which had been left her after her mother's death; and they would move as soon as his brother could find a home for them in Ottawa.

If only it had not been such a long trip. He was extremely nervous when he arrived at Meadows station, and found himself looking through the crowd for known faces, catching half-recognition, speculative words. No one addressed him till the carrier handled his baggage. "Well, Captain, or is it Major Munro? Welcome to our city. I bet the Missus was glad to see you. You have changed.

GOING HOME

By...
Elsie Fry Laurence

Don't know if I'd have known you if you hadn't spoken to me."

Reg's heart beat faster; his jaws lightened. He was thankful to find a car to transport himself and his possessions. The garage man was frankly inquisitive. "Mrs. Munro will be giving you a talking to for not letting her know," he said, with the candor of neighborly acquaintance.

"I got through quicker than I'd expected. Hate a fuss, anyway. So I thought I'd just walk in on her."

"Well, you know how women are. Like to plan. Have everything just so."

"I guess so." They made some local conversation, though he was barely conscious of it. He did not know the place so very well, only on visits, and when he had worked in that district at the time he first met Clare. Meadows was quite a small town. Everyone knew her.

The house was a little shabbier than he remembered; but so many of them seemed to need painting. Her aunt would be there, of course. She had been looking after Tom when Clare went back to teaching school. That jolted him; he had been so full of his own plans he had not given a thought to the aunt or Clare's work.

They dropped his kit on the front porch; the house door remained closed. "Thanks, Joe," he said, as they looked at it, almost resenting the man's friendly interest in the turmoil of his feelings. Joe waved off the fare. "Glad to have you back," he said, moving away reluctantly.

Reg raised his hand to knock, laughed at himself, turned the handle. "Anybody home?" he called, and his voice sounded doubtful; his eyes darted about the unprepared interior, seeking familiar things. He felt gravely like a visitor who is

afraid he has come on the wrong day or to the wrong house. He was checked and disappointed out of all proportion to the moment's silence.

An elderly lady hurried out of the kitchen, and stopped short before this tired-looking officer in his worn khaki, his gaunt face pale with old weakness and new excitement. "Why, you must be Reg!" She turned, and called out of the back door: "Clare! Clare! Come at once."

He followed her through the kitchen. Across the backyard the garage door opened, and there spilled out through it a string of school-girls, staring at him between hanging curls, a few boys blundering over their boots, elbowing each other. Then a tall young woman with wide-set blue eyes and simply rolled blond hair, her hands thrust deep in the pockets of a grey-and-blue-plaid jacket. He could feel his heart thumping.

She came running forward without a word, while a young man, his pleasant face startled, followed her out of the building and disappeared with the throng of children through the back gate.

"Reg, oh, Reg, it's really you!" "Clare, darling."

Secure in the tiny back porch, with her warm face against his, his arms round her, he was conscious of something unexpected, missing. This was his wife, this fair, strong-looking girl in the shabby tweed jacket and soft blue pullover.

"Oh, Clare, I wanted you so much," he whispered. He could feel tears on his cheek that might have belonged to either of them. "Let me have a look at you."

Lifting her head, she met his dark anxious eyes, but hers reminded him oddly of his mother's in their candid affectionate concern. She detached herself slowly from his embrace, with a friendly squeeze of firm, capable hands, and pulled herself together with an effort.

"Why didn't you send me another wire, Reg? How dreadful to have no one meet you at the station! Let's go in. It's just about suppertime. You must be dead tired..."

Please turn to page 27



He heard Tom asking: "I don't have to say, 'Bring Daddy home safe,' any more, do I?"



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Most "Walked" About
PEEP-TOE SHOES



These most talked about Gaynors are now the most walked about shoes in the town. You see these new platform Peep-toes stealing the shoe-show wherever smart women meet... and they are the most comfortable and long-wearing shoes you've ever worn.

Gaynor
AUSTRALIA'S Loveliest SHOES

"Should I
leave you on
the doorstep
Mummy?"



BABY: Shame, Mummy, saying you'd leave a nice baby like me on the doorstep. I should leave you! **MUMMY:** But, lamb—you were driving me wild with your fussing . . . **BABY:** That's why you and I are changing places for a while. Wait'll you see how miserable a baby's skin gets, from woolies and wriggling around. Sure I fuss—but do you do anything about it? What I need is Johnson's pure Baby Cream to keep me like satin and prevent skin irritations. And don't forget—when chafes and prickles make me yip — whisk out soft, silky, Johnson's Baby Powder!



Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON, WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS
OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS . . . MAKERS OF TEK, MODESS, MEDS, ETC.

U.S. ambassador is millionaire shipbuilder



"STONEHOME," beautiful country home of the new U.S. Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Robert Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler are closest American friends of Dionne Quins' parents

By THEO MOODY of our New York staff

The Southern colonial style United States Legation at Canberra—now to become the United States Embassy—will gain a charming mistress in Mrs. Robert Butler, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

President Truman will shortly announce the appointment of her husband, Mr. Robert Butler, prominent Minnesota millionaire shipbuilder and banker, as the first United States Ambassador to Australia.

THIS week I spent two days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Butler at their country mansion, "Stonehome," on the shores of White Bear Lake, and found them a friendly, unaffected couple.

Mr. Butler took a day off from his heavy duties as president of Walter Butler Company, Walter Butler Shipbuilding Company, and director of the American National Bank to take me driving round nearby Minnesota beauty spots and speedboating on White Bear Lake.

The Butler shipyards turned out 73 ships during the war.

When Mr. Butler's nomination to the Australian post is confirmed by the United States Senate, he will hand over his business interests to associates, and, after a brief stay in Washington, leave immediately for Australia.

As soon as shipping is available, he will be joined in Canberra by Mrs. Butler, their son, Lieutenant Walter Butler, a wounded veteran of the Battle for Germany, and now an Arts student at the University of Minnesota, and their daughter Catherine, 19.

They will leave behind two other daughters—Mrs. William Mitsch, Mrs. of St. Paul, and Miss Mary Butler, 19. Both daughters hope to visit their parents in Canberra as soon as they are settled.

Mrs. Butler is the closest American

friend of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne, parents of the quintuplets.

In May, 1943, Mrs. Butler and Catherine, then 10, visited the Dionnes at their home in Callender, Ontario, where Catherine officially invited the quintuplets to launch five Victory ships at the Butler shipbuilding yards in Wisconsin.

The invitation was signed by Mr. Cordell Hull, then United States Secretary of State, and Admiral Emory Land, chairman of the United States Maritime Commission.

Lovable children

THE Dionnes gladly accepted the invitation, and while they were in America for the launchings Mr. and Mrs. Dionne, the quintuplets, and a sixth daughter stayed at "Stonehome."

"Mrs. Dionne and I became very close friends, and now we correspond regularly," Mrs. Butler said. "They are a charming couple, and the quins are natural, lovable, healthy children."

During the war Mrs. Butler assisted regularly at the St. Paul Red Cross Canteen.

Just now, Mrs. Butler confesses, she has not much time to think about taking up life in a new country.

She is busy preparing for the marriage of her daughter Mary.

Nine hundred guests have been invited to the wedding—some of them from as far away as New

York and Connecticut, where Mary went to college—and Mrs. Butler is praying for good weather for the reception, to be held in the grounds of "Stonehome" after the wedding.

Mrs. Butler plied me with questions about Australia—about the shops, clothing, schools, the help question, Canberra.

She is hoping that she will be sent an inventory of the furnishings at the United States Legation so that she will know just what she will have to take from America.

She had asked me to bring her from New York pictures of the United States Legation, and she was delighted with them.

Mrs. Margaret Butler, a strikingly handsome woman, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Porter, a prominent construction family, of Portland, Oregon.

She graduated from exclusive Baldwin School, at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Her main interest, apart from her home, is music. She studied the piano for years with Wager Swayne, a noted Parisian teacher, when he was in the United States.

Mr. Swayne travelled extensively, and Mrs. Butler had to follow him around to keep up with her studies.

Her idea of a perfect evening at home with her family is to accompany her daughter Catherine, who sings French, German, and English folk songs in a sweet soprano voice.

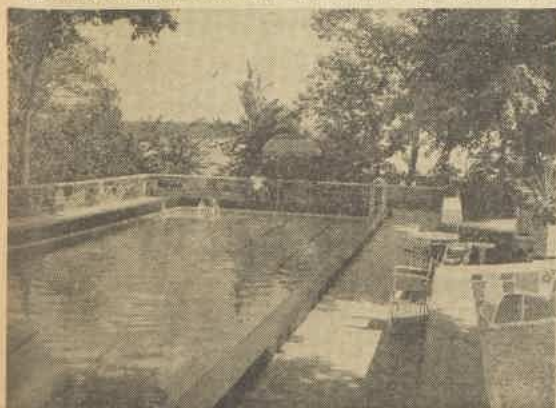
"I expect there'll be lots of entertaining to do in Canberra," said Mrs. Butler, "but I can tell you I'm not a stranger to that. We are a plain family, and both Mr. Butler and I take our work very seriously."



MILLIONAIRE SHIPBUILDER Mr. Robert Butler and his attractive wife, who will soon take up residence at the U.S. Embassy in Canberra.



DIONNE QUINTUPLETS with Mr. Butler when they launched five Victory ships at the Butler shipyards.



SWIMMING POOL at "Stonehome," St. Paul, Minnesota, the Butlers' country home. White Bear Lake is in the background.



THE BUTLER FAMILY. L. to r., Mrs. William G. Mitsch, jun., (daughter), Mr. Butler, daughter Catherine, Mrs. Butler, daughter Mary, Lieut. Walter Butler, Catherine and Walter will come here with their parents.

PETROL AND CASUALTIES

THIS month's increase in the petrol ration will bring joy to private motorists, whose range of travel will be considerably enlarged.

Unfortunately there is danger of a corresponding increase in the toll of the roads. Accident figures have shown a sharp rise this year since motorists began to enjoy earlier increases.

Authorities say there are more bad drivers and more rickety cars on the road than ever before.

Many motorists who laid up their cars during the war are driving again after years without practice. Others have lost their skill through driving comparatively little.

But most alarming of all is the decline in road courtesy which is so noticeable now.

The general decay of manners is a sad aspect of postwar society, but when it extends to motoring it becomes a menace to life and limb.

A pedestrian who shoulders others aside in the scramble for a train seat is a boor, but a motorist who swoops through traffic to gain the lead in a line of cars may be a killer.

One expert says the major causes of accidents among drivers are excessive speed, not giving the right-of-way, intoxication, inattentive driving, or the attention of the driver being diverted for some reason.

Under present conditions of driving, more than ever before, it is vital that every driver be keenly aware of his responsibility to other drivers and to the community as a whole.

It must be bitter to carry the memory that you once tried to save a minute and in doing so took a life.



ENGLISH STARS Robert Donat (left) and Ralph Richardson, who have taken over England's only surviving Toy Theatre shop in Hoxton in an effort to restore the art.



English film stars revive vogue of toy theatre

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London office

Two English film stars, Ralph Richardson and Robert Donat, are trying to revive the old-time glory of the Toy Theatre, one of England's greatest childhood pastimes of an earlier age.

As well as reintroducing all the old favorites the two actors intend to add the latest West End shows to the repertoire, and have asked London stage designers for their sets.

The Toy Theatre slowly died out after about 1870 in England.

FOR many years the theatre's last stronghold has been in a tiny, old-fashioned shop in Hoxton, run by the elderly, once-celebrated Misses Pollock.

They are the daughters of Benjamin Pollock, whose famous toy theatres were the subject of Robert Louis Stevenson's essay, "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored."

The two actors have taken over the shop and will preserve part of it as a Toy Theatre museum with illuminated stages and paper puppets as they first appeared in England nearly 150 years ago.

They plan to produce thousands of toy theatres based on Pollock's models, but brought up to date. Some will be made in plastic, others in cardboard, with tiny footlights illuminated by torch batteries.

They have had J. B. Priestley write their first Toy Theatre play called "High Toby," and a well-known London stage designer, Doris Zinkeisen, will sketch scenes and decorate.

Attempts to trace the beginnings of the Toy Theatre have not met with much success, though it is believed to have existed in Germany towards the end of the eighteenth century in the form of peepshows.

It was at its height in England between 1830 and 1840, however, when schoolboys spent all their pocket money on sheets of characters, scenes, trapezoid paper, and the glittering front for their first experience of the theatre.

Dickens wrote about Toy Theatres

CHARLES DICKENS, in one of his lesser known short stories, "A Christmas Tree," touches on "some of the best setting accidents and failures" incident to a Toy Theatre first night.

Leading characters often displayed an irritating tendency to topple forward and burn themselves to ashes in the footlights while the play was at its height, he said.

There was also Kelman, a valiant character in "The Miller and His Men" whose "unreasonable disposition" caused him to faint in the legs and double up when called for action.

During that period nearly 50 publishing firms were engaged in turning out the "plain or colored" sheets, the little wood and cardboard theatres, the gaudily painted stage front to meet the demands of a public consisting almost entirely of children.

In the best publicity tradition, Toy Theatre plays were based on current theatre successes showing in London.

Publishers made draft sketches of the full production, then drew complete sketches of characters, scenes, and wings which were printed from zinc plates.

On some of these old sheets now in the possession of the Pollocks,

actual likenesses to stage characters of the time can be seen.

Besides Robert Louis Stevenson, the Toy Theatre numbers among its childhood fans the great literary and theatrical names of Charles Dickens, Henry Irving, Charlie Chaplin, Lupino Lane, Ellen Terry, Gladys Cooper, and Diaghileff, of Russian ballet fame.

In those romantic days children could create their fireside world of make-believe with a few pence, a pair of scissors, and a little colza oil for footlights.

His own Toy Theatre first set Ralph Richardson's mind on an acting career when he was a boy.

Robert Donat, too, graduated from a dream world and created his paper puppets in a real world by running his own theatre in the West End, besides appearing in films.

Old Toy Theatre favorites like "The Miller and His Men"—over which Winston Churchill, for one, spent many happy hours as a school-boy—"Oliver Twist," "Dick Whittington," "Cinderella," and "Dick Turpin," which Robert is anxious to preserve in the Pollock tradition, will be revived.

Since he is a Shakespeare fan, Ralph will also adapt some of the Shakespeare plays.

He believes little children creating characters from colored paper cut-outs and interpreting scripts in their own way may be a great dramatists, actors, and impresarios of tomorrow.

He and Robert Donat want to ally this renaissance of the Toy Theatre with juvenile drama and children's theatre movements throughout the world.

Owing to inflation, the new slogan under Messrs. Donat and Richardson will probably be "Sixpence plain and a shilling colored" for a sheet of characters.

Considering the skill which went into these early sheets, they were sold amazingly cheaply.

Round about 1830 the standard eight and a half by six and a half plain sheets were produced, not for a penny, but a halfpenny a sheet.

Complete settings now cost a few shillings and new model theatres range between a pound and two guineas.

Interesting People



MISS JOAN RICHMOND
... daredevil motorist

EYES, sparkling with love of adventure, Joan Richmond, racing motorist, is home in Melbourne after 14 years abroad, looking forward to racing here again as soon as conditions are favorable. During war she had job with London County Council instructing ambulance drivers. Later drove cars for an armament company and British War Office. Then became outside buyer of small parts for well-known British aeroplane companies.



BRIG. C. H. SPEER, O.B.E.
... hunter hunted

ON medical leave in Sydney from Indian Army, in which he has served for 30 years, genial, silver-haired Brigadier C. H. Speer grins broadly telling hunting episode. While on foot in dense jungle stalking tiger heard mighty roar and turned to find tiger hunting him, and only nine feet away. He kept his head, stood firm, and tiger retreated. Same thing happened three times. Awarded O.B.E. for services in Burma campaign. Brig. Speer served also in many campaigns in this and 1914-18 war, and in India.



MISS ANNE MAXWELL
... Royalty and watercress

SLOSHING about in gum-boots, planting and picking watercress on her father's farm at Alresford House, Alresford, Hampshire, England, is a full-time job for Miss Anne Maxwell. Picking requires special skill and each bed is picked over four or five times. In the bunching shed Miss Maxwell and her helpers wash and strip the watercress. When Miss Maxwell's mother held a ball Princess Elizabeth was one of 500 guests, and kept on dancing until nearly 3 a.m.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

Aboriginal handcraft becomes big business



ABORIGINAL TEAM Pat Sims (left), Bob Sims, and Arthur Miller making boomerangs at La Perouse, near Sydney.



COY. Young Willie Longbottom, 8, peeps out from behind two nullo shields made by his father and other aborigines at La Perouse.

Wartime boom may create export trade

A flourishing home industry in shell work, handcraft, and mangrove wood boomerangs has been built up during the war years by Australian aborigines in the La Perouse district, near Sydney.

Working to a large extent by contract, and making all orders in their own homes, these part-blood aborigines last year produced more than £11,000 worth of retail goods which were sold through agents.

ONE of the main agents for aboriginal handcraft, Mrs. O. Cohen, of La Perouse, who has been handling their orders for the past four years, is hoping to obtain an export trade to America of exclusive aboriginal products.

"The work has been proving most popular, and Tasmania alone took £1500 worth of orders in three months," she said.

Infinite care and patience is put into the work done by the "dark people," as they prefer to be called.

In quality and skill it is much superior to lines in shell work put out by some white workers.

At the settlement at La Perouse last week, groups of women were sitting outside their homes chatting and making shell work, while the men were working nearby on boomerangs, nullo nullo, and shields.

Toupee-headed children of various shades of brown were playing nearby and came up shyly to watch pictures being taken.

In aboriginal handcraft a strict division of labor is observed, the making of woodwork always falling to men in the settlement.

"They don't work any set hours, but only when they feel inclined," Mrs. Cohen said. "It's no use trying to hurry them, for they are very independent in their ways."

Plump, energetic, and good-humored, Mrs. Cohen has lived in La Perouse for 10 years, and has made an extensive study of aboriginal customs and language.

"Most of the dark people round here have forgotten how to speak their tribal dialect, and often it is I and not they who can translate sign language on boomerangs and waddys," she said.

For many years back, aborigines have been making boomerangs and handcraft which they used to sell along the side of the road.

Mrs. Cohen, who handles wholesale orders, has standardised most of the lines, and prices have been fixed by the Prices Commissioner.

"Aboriginal handcraft was particularly popular with Americans here during the war and if we can obtain export trade all hands can be kept busy," Mrs. Cohen said.

Boomerangs and other woodwork

are made from mangrove wood, and parties of men go to Kurnell and other districts each afternoon to cut bent slabs from tree trunks.

It takes about an hour to make a boomerang. Slabs of wood are shaped with an axe, scraped with glass, and sandpapered. Designs are drawn on the wood with a pencil, then burnt in with hot wire.

Boomerangs are the most popular aboriginal product, and the secret of the "returning boomerang" has been handed down from tribe to tribe.

Here are some of the prices aborigines receive for their work:—

● Boomerangs—From 4/- to 15/- each, depending on the amount of design involved.

● Nullo nullo shields—Round about 12/6.

● Shell goods—From 3/- to 4/- for all classes, including boxes, trays, and horseshoes.

In the Aboriginal Reserve, and the group of tin and fibro shacks which has grown up outside it, there are only about four or five full-blooded aborigines.

About 80 "dark" families live in the La Perouse district, however, and they receive frequent visits from aborigines from other parts of the State.

Bags of shells, collected along the South Coast, are sold to women in the settlement, who provide all their own materials for the shell trays, boxes, shoes, and ornaments they make.

One of the women workers, Mrs. Evelyn Stewart, said shells were very difficult to obtain, and up to £2 for a small bag is charged.

Aboriginal women in the settlement also have to use a lot of their clothing coupons on satin and linings for their shell work.

With Mrs. Cohen's help, experiments were made in the best type of glue, cardboard, and materials for making the various lines.

Aboriginal women have a fine artistic sense and work out the color schemes and designs themselves.

"They are a talented, kindly people, with a dignity all their own," Mrs. Cohen said.

"Official departments have been very helpful in assisting me to sell their work, particularly in making available special transport permits for interstate trade.

"Too many Australians tend to look on the aborigines as a primitive, forgotten race, when they are proving they can be self-supporting, independent members of the community."



FINISHED WORK. Shell boxes, trays, and lucky horseshoes made from specially selected shells from the South Coast give some indication of aboriginal women's skill at handcraft.



SORTING SHELLS which they buy from visiting tribes are Mrs. Ruth Walker (left) and Mrs. Evelyn Stewart, of La Perouse.



YOUNG ABORIGINES (from left) Henry, Cecile, Laddy, Robert, and Neville search the beach for shells to be used in their mothers' handcraft.

Condition Yellow

Continued from page 3

THE make-up man called. "Do you want anything on her, Cyclone?"

"Maybe a little Number Two," Cyclone said. "Not too much."

"I'm satisfied the way I am," Jane said. "If I ever have to be made up as Mrs. Frankenstein, I'll call on you and your paint-pot, Rembrandt."

"A little Number Two would help," Cyclone said wistfully, in the silence that followed.

Jane stopped glaring at the make-up man who was stalking off with his powder-puff, and glared at Cyclone. He swallowed and tried to smile apologetically. "Joe, we'd better tone the key-light down a little," he said to the best boy. "And hit her on the left side of the face with a baby junior."

A juicer burned the light in her eyes; she blinked them shut and stood rigidly. The boys took their time. They kept her warm while the rearrangements were made.

Jane stayed there and took it. She was no cry-baby. Without opening her eyes she said: "I hope you finally figure it out, Cyclone. Did you take a correspondence course in how to be a cameraman?"

That did it. Cyclone watched the crew freeze up, and knew what was going to happen. They were about to murder the film. It was mainly on his account, of course, and he realised that he ought to address them with a few well-chosen words, explaining that she was impulsive and overwrought, and that he didn't need defending.

But the speech wouldn't come. He was too shy, and he dreaded any further arguments. Besides, acknowledging the situation would unquestionably bring Jane's wrath down upon him.

The operator looked through the camera. What he viewed seemed to give him a grim pleasure. He motioned to Cyclone.

"We're ready, Miss Bennett," Cyclone said. "Please talk, laugh, smile, face profile on both sides, turn around, walk, sit down and stuff like that."

"Do you mind if I also swallow a sword?" Jane said. "I brought one along."

"We can do it in a close-up," Cyclone said. "That's the next shot. Roll it, please."

For an instant Jane appeared as if she had swallowed the sword. Then she began to emote for the camera. After the medium shot, Cyclone took the close-up. He said practically nothing more. There wasn't anything to say to a girl who was going to look like an old woman in tomorrow's rushes.

Presently they were finished. The lights were killed, and the stage relapsed into gloom. Cyclone walked dependently to the door and held it open for Jane. They stepped outside.

Jane gazed up at him. "I have a feeling," she said, "that you're smarter than you look. Are you?"

"If I am," Cyclone said. "I've never noticed it."

"Well, I like you," Jane said. "You're ignorant and inarticulate, but you're comforting. If I have said anything to offend you during the test—and I'm positive I have—I assure you that I almost regret it."

Cyclone ducked his head and grinned. "You didn't say anything. Could I ask a favor of you?"

"No," Jane said. "Listen, let's confront facts squarely. I must have said something. I always do. To everybody I'm offensive, that's all."

"I don't think so. You're—ah—attractive. Could I ask you a question?"

"Not right now. Cyclone, I'm my own worst enemy. If I could control my temper, I might be the nicest girl you ever met."

"You are the nicest girl I ever met," Cyclone said.

She halted. He had a hard time looking her in the eye, and his face was red. But he was comforted because she seemed rather confused and touched.

"You mean that, don't you?" she said. "You mean everything you say."

"Yes," Cyclone said. "Let's go in and have a milk shake."

"You must be one of those Hollywood wolves they warned me about," Jane said. "All right, here goes."

They sat at a table in the nearly

deserted cafe and drank milk shakes. The cold liquid obviously had a quieting effect upon Jane. She sighed and relaxed, and accepted the cigarette Cyclone offered her.

"That test may not turn out very well," Cyclone said.

"Was I so terrible?"

"No, you were swell."

"You must mean the photography, then," Jane said. "I don't care, Cyclone. It was a pleasure to do business with you."

"Thanks," Cyclone said. He wanted desperately to explain to her, and there was absolutely no way. "Say, I wish you wouldn't go to see Mr. Hankin immediately."

"Oh—Mr. Hankin. I'd forgotten about him."

"He's tough. If you happened to get in a row with him, it might ruin everything for you here."

"I'd get in a row with him all right," Jane said. "Unless he didn't say a word, it'd be a cinch."

"I think you ought to go easy for a few days, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Okay, Cyclone."

Somehow, after they left the cafe, he found himself showing her the camera department. Then they weighed themselves on a machine in front of the news-stand and examined the magazines. It seemed neither of them had any arrangements for dinner.

"Probably you wouldn't want to go with me—," Cyclone began.

"Yes, I would," Jane said. "And don't give me an argument."

It was a very smart, sophisticated-looking Jane who met Cyclone a short time later.

They went to a place at the beach for dinner, and later stood at the end of a pier and gazed out into the dark, wet Pacific.

"I was thinking about you," Cyclone said hopefully.

"I was thinking about those Japs," Jane said. "Brother, do they burn me up! If I were a man—"

"That's the point," Cyclone said. "You're not. You ought to be thinking of a home, a husband, children—"

"This is no time for it." "Well, you can't wait forever. No war has lasted as long as marriage."

"Don't you feel it's pretty selfish to put your own happiness above that of the nation?"

"Oh, sure, but—"

"If we're going to argue," Jane said, "I'd prefer to go home. I hate arguments."

"So do I," Cyclone said. "However, I—"

"That's enough," Jane said. "I will not wrangle with any fatuous, bigoted and brainless escort. Follow me, my good man."

He trailed her back to the car, wondering if he would have done better to simply jump off the pier. Driving her to Hollywood was performed in complete silence. He stopped in front of her apartment house and turned off the engine. There was still the hope that some kind of an armistice might be signed.

"I guess it's just a case of our seeing too much of each other," Cyclone said.

"I'd invite you up to my apartment to look at my left hook," Jane told him, "but the girl I live with may be already home and asleep, and the light would wake her up."

Cyclone sighed. "Then this is good-bye."

"Yes."

He leaned over, held his breath, and kissed her on the lips. She didn't try to escape. It was a long good-bye.

"Good-bye," Cyclone said, and inhaled deeply.

Jane also breathed deeply. She missed twice trying to find the door handle and her eyes were large. She got out, turned round, and studied his humble face with great respect.

"That must have been an accident," she said. "You've stumbled upon the technique. If you didn't, and that's the result of long practice, I'm going to be mad all over again."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Cyclone said.

Please turn to page 17

WORTH Reporting

WE were accidentally let in on a man's viewpoint on fashion when we went to see Australian film star Ann Richards at her mother's home at Neutral Bay, Sydney, accompanied by a staff photographer.

When the time came to photograph her our photographer said, "I'll cut your feet out, I don't like those slippers much."

"Those slippers," as Miss Richards explained gently, are the very latest Hollywood fashion in walking shoes.

Much the same thing happened in Melbourne to Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, wife of the famous librettist now visiting Australia.

She carefully put away her pair of these precious shoes in her wardrobe at the end of the day and found that each night the hotel maid was putting them out alongside her dressing-gown and nightdress.

These ultra heelless shoes are even worn for evening wear, and being so flat are favored by tall film actresses for dancing.

Notes from the East

WE learned something about life in Persia from Mrs. Lyle Pym, who has recently returned to Perth, W.A., to see her two daughters at boarding-school.

Her husband is a chief technical adviser with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and they have been living in Masjid-i-Suleiman.

At first it sounded like a motorist's paradise when Mrs. Pym told us that there were plenty of cars and unlimited petrol at 3d a gallon.

"But tyres cost from £300 to £300 sterling each," she said.

"You can get any price for a car. My next-door neighbor sold his car for £3000 and people who lived opposite us paid £4000 for theirs."

"The food position is not good," she continued. "Butter is rationed to 1lb. a month, 1lb. margarine, and 7lb. of sugar."

"You must make your rations last, because there are no restaurants there where you can eat."

"Pure silk Turkish stockings cost £2 a pair and a topcoat £100 in Teheran."

"Every household has about four servants, including a cook, a cleaning boy, gardener, and a guard."

"The latter is very necessary, because when food was difficult to get bandits used to rob the houses."

Mrs. Pym said that the Persians loved entertainments and parties. Any family event was worth celebrating.

"We always go on for three or four days," she said. "Even the poorer people have these long celebrations, although it may take them the rest of their lives to pay for it."

Animal Antics



"There's no more privacy here than in a fish bowl!"

Poster competition

A RASH of artists at work has sprung up all over the Blue Mountains ever since the Blue Mountains County Council announced their £100 poster competition.

The next few week-ends should produce an even thicker scattering of easels and paint-boxes, as competitors must send in their typical views on 20in. by 15in. water-color board or canvas by August 16.

As well as the first prize of £100, there is a second prize of £25.

The County Clerk, Katoomba, will supply all information relating to the competition; judges are Mr. Hal Missingham (Director of the National Art Gallery, New South Wales), Mr. Wynne W. Davies, and Mr. W. J. P. Dowsett.

Royal renovations

LIKE hundreds of 1946 debs, Princess Elizabeth has had a number of her mother's frocks remade for her, says our London correspondent.

For her Canadian tour, just before the war, the Queen had some enormously full crinoline ball gowns, several of them with as much as 20 yards of material in their skirts. Couturiers have been busy making these into simpler styles for Princess Elizabeth.

Dyeing has also helped the transformation. Recently she broke the tradition for girls in their first season by wearing a black dress.



"You'd better have your doorbell fixed. All your neighbors are gettin' pretty fed up."

Tending R.A.A.F. graves

THE graves of more than 100 R.A.A.F. men who were killed in the Battle of Britain are being tended by the Harrogate Victory Branch of the British Legion, says a London cable. The graves are in the Stonehall Cemetery, Harrogate.

Mr. E. Russell-Jones, chairman of the branch, has written to the next-of-kin of each man explaining that a member of the Legion is caring for one of the graves and will place flowers on it on Christmas Day or any other anniversary chosen by the relative.

WE wanted to buy a cake for our afternoon cuppa in the office the other day, and so stopped at the counter of a busy cake-shop.

After waiting some time in the queue that had lined up for some rich-looking chocolate sponges we were congratulating ourselves on being in time to snap up the last one on the tray.

Just as the assistant was about to hand it over, a tearful voice beside us said, "Do you REALLY want that cake? I live in one of the outer suburbs, and I know there isn't be a thing left when I get there."

With a "this is a far, far better thing that I do" air, we gave the cake to the lady who said gratefully: "My husband will be so glad."

Mincing matters

A RATHER horrifying message from our London office says that you can't buy a mincing machine if you have all your teeth.

Last week, says the message, a housewife from Hampstead walked into a London hardware store and asked for a mincing machine.

The shop assistant explained that although he had plenty in stock he would not sell one to her without a dentist's certificate saying she had lost her teeth.

WHEN we hear about all this rough play that goes on in the matches between the English and Australian Rugby League players, we think nostalgically about a match we once saw at Townsville, Queensland.

It was between a team of tough tin-miners from Mt. Isa and Italian cane-cutters from Innisfail.

When the two teams lined up on the field the captain of the Italian boys stepped forward and, on behalf of his team, presented each one of the tin-miners with a large bunch of flowers.

Patron needed

WE recently decided it would be a good thing if we joined the Sydney Municipal Library, and went down there one day at lunch-time to apply for a membership card.

From the word "go" we were entranced by the somewhat decaying atmosphere of this institute, and happily imagined ourselves rubbing shoulders with the literary types clustered about its shelves.

This pretty bubble was soon burst by the librarian, who informed us that in order to become a borrower it was necessary first to be recommended.

Previously we had considered that we got about as much as most people. Now we know that not only do we not get about at all, but that we have also been moving in the wrong circles.

Be it to our everlasting shame, we were unable to think of one Lord Mayor, M.L.A., Town Clerk of a Municipality, Shire Clerk of a Shire, or alderman of a City Council whom we could approach confident that he would be willing to recommend us on personal knowledge as "fit to be entrusted with the loan of books from the said library."

Nor could we produce one "member of the Police Force of or above the rank of sergeant" who would be at all likely to commit himself on this problematical point.

Making a mental note to transfer our attention in future from traffic cops to officers of or above the rank of sergeant, we paid a deposit of fifteen shillings in lieu of a recommendation and marched out feeling a heel.



COUNTRY LASS June Eddy, only daughter of the Noel Eedys, of Blackburn, Yass, lunches at Prince's with her fiance, Stephen Hewlett, when she comes to town. Stephen is only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hewlett, of Cremorne. June is wearing sapphire ring.

Intimate Pottings

MY English mail brings me newsy letter from Diana Mollison, formerly Diana Massie of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, who recently arrived in England to make her home there with her husband, Pat.

Diana's father, Mr. R. J. A. Massie, and her sister Annette are also in England.

"Unable to get accommodation in London we were taken out to Ascot, where we are at present staying. We're in a very comfortable country hotel living on the fat of the land," writes Diana, who evidently has not felt the stringent food rationing so far.

Diana tells me she has had a word with Henrietta Loder, who is just home from New York, where she has been doing a Social Science course. "The Wakehursts have the three top floors of their old house in Kensington—the rest is still being used as Government offices."

Diana has also been visiting the Cowries at Windsor Castle. "I was very excited to meet Bill Spowers there," she writes. "He is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and a brother to well-known Melbourne lass Rosita Spowers."

FOUR of the first graduates in medicine at Sydney University, Dr. R. J. Menzies, Dr. J. C. Halliday, Dr. John Morton, and Dr. Stratford Sheldon, will be guests of honor at the Sydney University Medical Diamond Jubilee Ball, which is being held this Tuesday at the Trocadero. Another original graduate to be invited was Dr. Cecil Purser, but owing to ill-health he will be unable to attend.



POLOCRASSE ENTHUSIASTS. Dr. Waddy Pockley (left), Mrs. Alan Elliott Lockhart, Mrs. Waddy Pockley, and Dick Pockley snapped between chukkers at Ingleburn, when Ingleburn defeated Burradoo at Polocrasse Carnival. Dr. and Mrs. Pockley played for Burradoo.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 6, 1946



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Dr. and Mrs. Errol Trevor King after their marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride formerly Mavis Lorenz, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Lorenz, of Edgecliff.



BARBECUE. Dr. Helen Thomson, Joe Lawrence, Maureen Bircham, Ken Kelly, Norma Hamilton, Dr. Charles Ross-Smith, and Audrey Field round the barbecue fire at party given at Mrs. A. S. Johnston's home at Vaucluse for Dr. Ross-Smith, who recently graduated.



HAPPY BRIDE. Mrs. Matt McIvor, formerly Marie Furlong, with her husband, cuts beautiful four-tiered wedding cake at reception at Australia Hotel following ceremony at St John's, Auburn.

CHEERY party at Kinnell, Elizabeth Bay, when pretty girls Pat Grey, Dorothy Northwood, Enid Savage, and Beverley de Tors dine with R.N. escorts before going on to dance at White City organised by 20th Century Group (Overseas League), of which lasses are members. Proceeds of party, which netted £20, to go to Food for Britain Fund.

NEWLY married members of the Junior Social Committee of the N.S.W. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, Alba Camplin and Betty Eaton, were welcomed back at the last meeting, when plans were discussed for the ballet, "Toujours La Danse," which will be presented at the Conservatorium on July 6 by Lorraine Norton.

EXCITEMENT in the Lymath family when Warrant-Officer L. H. Lymath's wife arrived in Stirling Castle with her baby daughter Julia from England. Mrs. Lymath's home was in Liverpool, England. She was a member of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, before her marriage to her Australian husband.



NEWLYWEDS. Lieutenant Geoffrey Baser, R.N., and his bride, formerly "Binkie" Bonker, snapped when they return from their honeymoon at Wentworth Falls. Geoffrey leaves on H.M.S. Glory and "Binkie" hopes to follow him soon and make her future home in England.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Captain Colin Anderson, of Darling Point, and his bride, formerly Moya Corser, eldest daughter of the Stewart Corsers, of Maryborough, Queensland, leaving St. Canice's Church, Roslyn Gardens. Bridegroom is in permanent Army, and couple will make temporary home at Seymour, Victoria.



WELCOME-HOME LUNCHEON for Mrs. Alan Potter (third from left) when she is entertained at Prince's by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones on her return from America. Mrs. E. H. Jones (left), Mrs. W. F. L. Owen, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Lloyd Jones, and Mrs. Eugene Goossens, wife of the famous conductor.

PARTY at Ranelagh, Woollahra, is given by Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate for their daughter Jeanette, who celebrates twenty-first birthday. Jeanette, who is lieutenant in A.A.M.W.S. and who is occupational therapist, flies from Melbourne for party, which is attended by about 70 young guests. Jeanette's sister, Marcella Huddle, and her husband, her brother Bob and his wife Janet, and John and Jim Poate all present.

SEE attractive Rua Williams, daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Dudley Williams, of Rose Bay, wearing lovely sapphire engagement-ring with diamond shoulders. Rua has just announced her engagement to Peter Johnson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson, of Port Lincoln, South Australia. Couple plan marriage early in the new year.

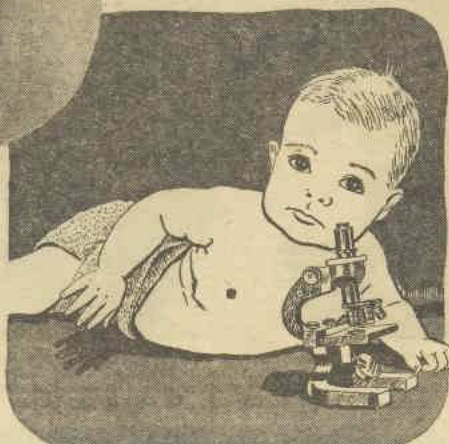
Joyce



MY MOTHER'S A **FOOLISH WOMAN!**

Don't think me ungrateful, but
sometimes one has to speak one's mind...

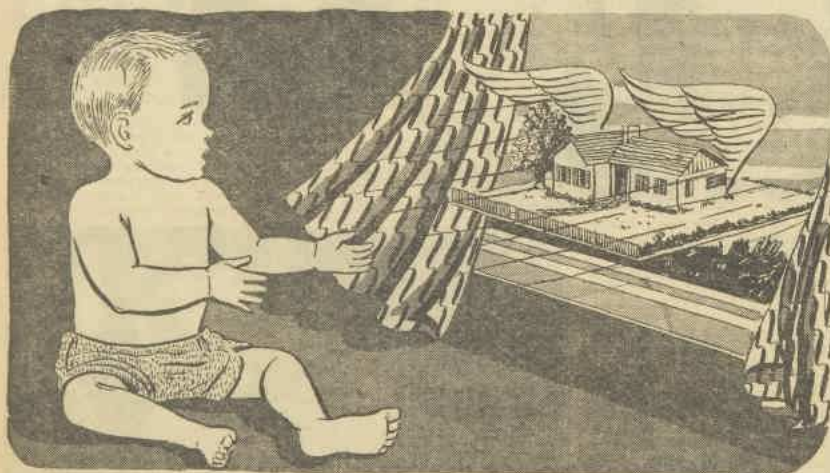
In many ways my mother,
and my father, too, are very
good to me. I'm a clinic baby,
and always kept clean and
well-fed. I get all the attention
and care I need *now*, but...



1: I'm thinking of the future. I want to be an Industrial Chemist when I grow up. My education is going to cost a pretty penny, let me tell you. And before I'm very much older I'm going to want a proper room of my own and a garden to play in...



2: It makes me mad to see them wasting money now... encouraging an inflationary tendency, and affecting the financial equilibrium of our national economy. The *careless spending* that goes on around here is just plain foolishness... as I see it.



3: They'll be sorry later on. When prices are more reasonable and goods in more plentiful supply, they won't have a penny. My dreams are taking wings already.

WON'T someone please tell them to spend on essential needs only, and to *save* the rest? That helps keep prices down, speeds the conversion of industry, builds extra purchasing power for the good times to come, and ensures a fair distribution of the goods at present available.

Price Control is doing all it can, but unless people like my parents go in for a spot of Spending Control they'll make things very tough for themselves and everyone else as well. And don't forget to tell them to put the money they save into *Bonds and Savings Certificates*—earning better than bank interest, with absolute security, and convertible to ready cash at any time.

★ Savings Certificates may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office, and advance subscriptions to the next Commonwealth cash Loan may be made through any Bank or Stockbroker.



TO ALL
GOOD PARENTS



**Be a Saver—NOT
a Spender**

**HELP KEEP
PRICES**



DOWN
★ **Buy BONDS AND
SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

TUESDAY, July 2, is a spectacular day this week and will bring good fortune to all those born under the signs Leo, Cancer, Sagittarius, Scorpio, and Pisces.

They should be confident, make changes, and seek advancement. Arians, Librans, and Capricornians are not favored, however, and should live quietly and avoid discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live discreetly now, and let important ventures wait, especially on June 28, 30, July 1 (early and late), 3 (evening), 4 (noon to dusk), 5, and 6.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be cautious on July 1 and 2, which can prove deceptive. July 3 (to dusk) can be helpful; July 5 morning good for minor affairs.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The present week can prove helpful, especially July 1 (midday hours), July 2 (to 2 p.m.), excellent, and July 6 (to 12 noon or after 5 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Go after the things you want now, your chances are good. June 29 (except midday) fair, 30 (9 a.m. to



"Father was in cavalry, you know."

dusk) good. July 1 (9 a.m. to 3 p.m.), 2 (to 2 p.m.), and 5 (forenoon) excellent.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 23): Seek progress this week, especially on July 1 (midday hours), 2 (before 2 p.m.), 5 (morning), and 6 (except 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.).

VIRGO (Aug. 23 to Sept. 23): Use good days this week to the best advantage. July 1 (midday), 2 (before 2 p.m.), and 3 (to dusk) helpful. July 4 (morning and evening), 5 (morning), and 6 (morning and evening) also good.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live cautiously now, and avoid arguments and upsets, especially on June 29, 30, July 5 (evening), and July 6. Keep to routine work.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Make good use of opportunities now, but avoid over-confidence and rashness, especially on July 5 and 6. June 29 (except midday) good, July 5 and 6 (to noon) both helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Things can prove most pleasing this week, especially on July 1 (midday), 2 (before 2 p.m. or mid-evening), and 6 (early and late). Make the most of them.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Be wary of indiscretions and upsets now and dodge arguments, especially on June 29, 30, July 2 (evening), 4 (afternoon), 5 (afternoon), and 6. Keep to routine work.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Routine work brings best results this week. July 1 and 2 (morning and late evening) poor. July 2 (morning and late evening) can be fair for minor matters.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Keep busy this week, the stars are with you. June 29 (except midday) and 30 good. July 1, 2, and 4 (morning and evening) most helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: Black and red, page 8, VI-VII.
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, VI, VII, Q1 and Q2.
BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 5, 43-45.
MEAT: Black, 99-102; red, 103-111; green, 112 and 113.
CLOTHING: VI-96, 257-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins:
AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt.

PETER: At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. Augusta's new ally is **KRAG:** Who pays natives to drown Mandrake before he can find the fifth clue, hidden in a huge clam off Tahore Isle. Their attempt is foiled by Lothar, and both parties race to the vault. Mandrake and Betty arrive first, and are declared the winners. They are about to open the vault. **NOW READ ON:**



NEXT WEEK--NEW ADVENTURE

Freedom

WITH LOVELY LINES . . .

Look and feel your best in Michelette made to measure foundations . . . no more waits and disappointments . . . just send in the coupon below for simple self measurement form, fill it in, return to us, and shortly the postman brings an exquisite Michelette to your home!

These lovely flattering garments not only work wonders for your figure, but—because they are made for you alone—are snugly fitting and supremely comfortable.

Michelette

CORSETS & PANTIES
MADE-to-MEASURE

DELIVERED * PROMPTLY TO YOUR OWN HOME

MICHELE CORSETS (Dept. A),
St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.
Please send me a self-measurement form.

NAME
(IN CAPITALS)

ADDRESS
(IN CAPITALS)

State



JANE said, "No? Am I going to have to see you often to make sure? Time alone will tell." She slammed the door.

Cyclone didn't see her again until the next morning round eleven o'clock, when he happened to be passing projection-room row, and Jane emerged from Room Three with several people, including a studio talent-agent, one of the casting directors, and a producer. They closely resembled palbearers, and Cyclone knew what had happened. He quickened his pace, but Jane peeled off from the group and intercepted him.

Cyclone grinned weakly and started talking fast. "Accidents will happen," he said. "That was a bad set, and they tried to light it too fast. In the movies you have to keep doing scenes over. It's nothing to get excited about."

"Of course not," Jane replied cordially. "That's what I intended to tell you. We won't allow ourselves to be discouraged, will we?"

"Huh?"

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Stay in there and keep plugging, Cyclone. It's tough to adjust yourself to new conditions, but you can't let yourself get down."

"I feel dizzy," Cyclone said. "Would you mind giving me a play-back on that?"

Jane smiled at him. "Bless your heart, Big Wind. We'll do it over and do it good—good as anyone could. And, incidentally, Mr. Hankin shall be paid a little visit."

"Oh, no!" Cyclone said. "Please. Let sleeping executives lie. There's nothing to get excited about, and—"

"We agreed on that," Jane said. "Keep photographing, Cyclone. I'm with you all the way."

He dazedly shook the hand she held out to him, and then watched her dart off. She was heading like a secret weapon to Mr. Hankin's bungalow. Women, he perceived, were not as easy to read as a light meter.

An hour later the telephone rang in the camera department, and he was requested to present himself to Mr. Hankin. He moved with dragging feet to the bungalow. A faint line of perspiration dotted his upper lip, and he was sick at heart. Jane's conduct hurt him the worst. The meeting in front of the projection-room was now perfectly comprehensible. She had simply been viciously sarcastic, and gone at once to Mr. Hankin to complain about him.

Cyclone filtered past three secretaries and entered the shaded, air-conditioned, indirectly lighted grandeur of Mr. Hankin's inner sanctum. The man in charge of Acme was big, heavy, and tired, with bushy hair, and dark circles under his eyes.

"Hello, Cyclone," he said. "I have just had a conference with a Miss Bennett—called by her."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Hankin flinched involuntarily at the memory. "She had a good deal to say, in a loud voice. Most of her conversation concerned you."

"I guess it was true, Mr. Hankin," Cyclone said hopefully.

"No doubt, but her conclusions are wrong. Acme is giving the Service-men their jobs back. Acme is proud of her war heroes. There is nothing underhand about Acme."

"No, sir."

"Furthermore," Mr. Hankin said, "Acme is not discriminating against you. The camera department states that you requested to be put on tests and retakes before beginning a full-scale production. We have nothing to do with ruining your self-confidence or skill, as Miss Bennett charges. We deny taking advantage of you, or of humiliating you by assigning you to unimportant work, and if Miss Bennett is going to punch me in the nose for according to your requests, then I shall have her arrested."

"Yes, sir."

"Cyclone, I regret to admit that, due to press of business, I am not familiar with your overseas service. How did you get that medal?"

"Well," Cyclone said, "I was cameraman with a photographic unit. I was in the Pacific, and I was having trouble with malaria. Mr. Hankin. I had a lot of troubles. I was bucking for sergeant, and I didn't get it. They radioed me from the lab in Honolulu that my exposures were off. I kept having hard chills and headaches. Everything was wrong, Mr. Hankin."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hankin said.

"Well, I went out with a patrol in the jungle. We got ambushed by the Japs. I was trying to run and fell over a vine and broke my camera. Then I saw a Jap bayoneting one of our men who was wounded. I guess I lost my temper for the first time in my life."

Mr. Hankin handed him a cigar. "That's human interest. Stink to the story."

"Well," Cyclone said, "I traded my camera for a submachine-gun and killed the twenty-two Japs. The malaria got worse and I went to hospital. They discharged me, gave me the medal. I never did make sergeant. That's all."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hankin said. "I see." He lit Cyclone's cigar for him. "Cyclone, in about four weeks we are starting a four-million-dollar production. You are going to shoot that picture, in or out of focus, and whether the public ever sees the principals or not. Here, put a couple of cigars in your pocket. I have enjoyed conferring with you."

Mr. Hankin walked to the door with Cyclone. He held the door open for him. He patted Cyclone on the shoulder.

"By the way," he said, "I have given Miss Bennett a stock contract. I have to pay other people round here for their advice. In addition to acting, Miss Bennett is going to give me her advice for nothing. She is rather an impressive young woman, Cyclone. Are you interested in her?"

"I was," Cyclone said, "and then I wasn't. Now I am."

"She was a radio actress," Mr. Hankin said. "Mrs. Hankin first heard her and suggested I contact her. For your information, Mrs. Hankin is a lot the same type as Miss Bennett. We have been married for nine years."

"Mr. Hankin," Cyclone said, "I would like to ask your advice. Suppose I got enough interested and—"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hankin said, "I know. I should have asked something. Cyclone, there are worse things than being ambushed by Japs. Thank you for the conference, and good day."

Puffing the cigar made Cyclone a trifle ill, but he continued happy.

He fussed with a camera that was overspreading for a while, and then called round the lot, trying to locate Jane. Finally he reached her in the make-up department.

"Bennet speaking," she said. "Remember the make-up man who was on our set yesterday?"

"Yes," Cyclone said. "Listen, could we get together—"

"I tracked him down," Jane said, "and we came to grips. You might be interested in hearing what happened."

"I know what happened," Cyclone said. "You bawled him out. How about having dinner to-night?"

There was a pause on Jane's end. "Oh, I did, huh?"

"Did what?"

"Never mind. We'll have dinner to-night."

"What time shall we meet?" Cyclone asked.

"Let's make it my place. Do you like spaghetti and meat-balls and French bread with garlic?"

"Sure."

"Seven-thirty, please," Jane said. "I'll try to make you happy. Big Wind. I want to conquer my faults. You must help as much as you can."

"Are you reading me a scene?" Cyclone asked.

"No," Jane said. "I may make that later. Good-bye."

Cyclone could imagine Jane's interview with the make-up man, and some of his elation vanished. Certain doubts which had been strong in his mind came out on the branch and twittered at him. He trudged over to the office of Mrs. Mitchell, the wardrobe mistress, an elderly woman of great experience who had been of help to him before.

"Sit down," Mrs. Mitchell said. "Is there aught I can do for you?"

"Well," Cyclone said, "a very funny thing happened to me yesterday. I shot a test of a girl and fell in love with her. She's the kind of a girl you're always on condition yellow with."

"Condition yellow?"

"In the Service that's a sort of an alert. Nothing has happened yet, but you got to get ready."

"What is her name?" Mrs. Mitchell asked.

"Jane Bennett."

"Oh. Cyclone, you'd better go somewhere on a long trip."

"I'd miss her," Cyclone said. "I don't know what to do, Mrs. Mitchell. I'm always going to be the underdog if I keep on. She has a terrible temper."

Mrs. Mitchell pondered. "This reminds me of a show called 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" she said, "by William Shakespeare. Ever see the play?"

"No. I saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

"This is not the same one," Mrs. Mitchell said. "This is about a guy in Verona named Petruchio. He falls in love with a dame named Katharine, who is very tough. He tames her by being tougher."

"Oh," said Cyclone.

As seven-thirty Cyclone was in Jane's apartment. The girl she lived with was out, and they were alone except for the new Cyclone, who had a set jaw, cold steady eyes, and a slight quaver in his voice.

Jane seated him in the best chair in the living-room, gave him a cocktail, and turned on the phonograph. She was wearing a gay little dirndl of blue and white, and Cyclone had never seen her look more beautiful in their two days of association. She seemed gay and kind, and he smiled at her lovingly.

"How do you like my dress, Big Wind?" Jane said. "It's a specialty for the occasion."

"It's okay."

Her face fell. "Don't you like it? Shall I change to another?"

"Don't bother," Cyclone said. "A dress is a dress. I'm in a bad mood to-night."

"Is the cocktail mixed to your taste?"

"Women never mix cocktails to men's taste."

"I guess not," Jane said quietly. "I'll have to keep my fingers crossed on the spaghetti and meat-balls."

"That kind of food doesn't matter. You don't expect much."

"I have red wine, too."

"I don't drink red wine," Cyclone said. "Turn that music off, will you? It makes my head ache."

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phonograph. "I'm sorry you're not well, Big Wind. Can I—"

"No," Cyclone said. "And let's cut out the discussion of me. I'm in a bad temper, and that's that. I often have these moods, and you'll just have to get used to them. If you're smart, you won't cross me."

Jane had grown very pale, and her eyes were getting big. She seemed almost childish in appearance as she stood facing him, her hands clasped nervously together. Cyclone suspected she might cry, and he started hating himself. Nevertheless, his strength was the strength of ten because he was backed by William Shakespeare.

"I wouldn't think of crossing you," Jane said. "Will you excuse me while I go out and see how the food is?"

"Go ahead," Cyclone told her.

She was absent a good five minutes. He had time to wipe the perspiration from his head, and light a cigarette. She returned with measured tread and took her stand in front of him again.

"Jane, my good woman," Cyclone said, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"I'll do the talking," Jane said. "We've come to the parting of the ways, Cyclone. It's finished—gone—done. I realised that as I stood out there looking at those meat-balls. I'm not mad and I'm not hurt, but I do know what's good for both of us. I lied honestly to conquer my bad temper, and I think I did. But there's one thing I can't lick—your temper. Two hot-headed people don't make a good combination. We'd better face it now, before we're too badly hurt."

Cyclone just barely got up off his mental knees. "Huh?"

"Let us," Jane said, "have our dinner, drink each other's health, and part for ever with a handshake of comradeship and mutual respect. I—I leave you more in sorrow than in anger . . . but not much more. Do you want your meat-balls now, meat-ball?"

"Wait!" Cyclone said. "This is all a mistake—"

"You're right it is! Do you insist on eating here?"

"No, but, darling—"

"Don't call me darling," Jane said unattractively. "And beat it out of here, will you? I want to remain in your memory as a lady."

She turned and raced into the kitchen. Cyclone had risen from the chair and was gazing aghast at the wreckage of his life. A tremendous bitterness against life, women, and the Elizabethan drama surged up in him. He walked blindly to the door. As he turned the knob, a terrific series of crashes came from the kitchen. He rushed back.

In the kitchen stood Jane in a welter of spaghetti, meat-balls, and broken crockery. They gazed at each other across the ruins during a long silence. Jane's cheeks were paler than ever, and there were tears and meat sauce on them.

"Since the romance is over," Cyclone said, "I might as well speak my mind. I think you are a bull-headed, narrow-minded, short-tempered, beautiful girl who ought to be ashamed of herself. Look at the mess you've made just because you got wild again! I feel sorry for your poor room-mate, who will probably have to clean it up. If I wasn't going out of here never to return, I'd spank you first, and then make you get down on your knees and scrub the floor. You need a wallop more than anybody I know."

She began to sob. He hesitated for her in a panic and slipped on the meat-balls. She clutched him to keep him from falling, and he kissed her.

"I wish you could have tasted the spaghetti," Jane said. "I love you."

"We'll quarrel and be terribly unhappy," Cyclone said. "But who cares? Those people in Verona got along all right."

"Where?"

"Don't worry your pretty red head about it. I'll tell you a secret, Jane. I was only pretending to be in a bad humor. I'm never that way. I was just trying to be boss."

"You're the boss," Jane said. "I'll tell you a secret. I didn't throw that spaghetti and meat-balls around. I was trying to put everything in the sink, and I dropped it because I was crying and couldn't see what I was doing."

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Courtesy to house-hunter

ON the rare occasions when houses are advertised to let in the daily papers I have replied with many other house-hunters, enclosing each time a stamped, addressed envelope.

So far I have never had one reply to these advertisements. Is this a method used by some people to secure stamps?

I agree that the advertiser must receive a large number of replies and that to write to each would entail considerable work and time.

But surely the advertiser could write "House let" or words to that effect on the stamped, addressed envelope and post them back to unsuccessful applicants.

It would be a courtesy gesture, if nothing else.

11 to Mrs. D. Melloy, 89 Main St., Kangaroo Point, Qld.

Road toll

WE read in the papers daily of the numbers killed in road accidents, but very little is done to bring home to motorists the weight of responsibility they bear every time they drive a car, particularly under the influence.

It is a step in the right direction to talk of tightening up tests to obtain a licence, but most accidents are due not to lack of driving ability, but to carelessness and irresponsibility.

Perhaps a monthly visit to the casualty ward in leading hospitals might help motorists prevent more accidents?

5/- to J. Spratt, Nedlands, W.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 11. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Consult your child

SOME mothers think it ridiculous to consult children when buying them new clothes, without realising the misery and self-consciousness a youngster can feel if he is dressed differently from his schoolmates.

There may be no need to take the children on every shopping expedi-



tion, but the mother can find out the youngster's opinion on certain garments.

Not only does this save possible future unhappiness, but gives the child a sense of responsibility and pride in his appearance which can never go amiss.

5/- to Mrs. P. McCann, 12 Franklin Ave., Flinders Park, S.A.

"Good Deed" chain

IN the past few weeks persons unknown to me have failed in their attempts to include me in the "Hanky Club" chain-letter craze.

If chain letters must have their day, I have a suggestion to offer whereby the poor sports, like myself, who fail to see the sense in the present craze would willingly become links in the chain.

Instead of the "Hanky Club," let us have a "Good Deed" Club, and I suggest that the usual price of the handkerchief be forwarded to one of the following:—

The Legacy Club, Youth Welfare and Anti-T.B. Association, United Charities, or similar organisations.

"Good Deed" chain letters forwarded by previous contributors to their friends, with the request to keep the chain unbroken by forwarding their donations, should benefit these associations considerably.

5/- to Mrs. G. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

Hoaxed!

WOMEN's hats are so peculiar nowadays that one learns to accept most unusual styles as more or less normal attire, but recently in a milliner's window I saw an object that absolutely staggered me.

It was made of spotted net, pleated and banded with velvet ribbon, and stuck out in a stiff, semi-transparent hoop. I wondered how on earth anyone could possibly wear it. It would look quite absurd.

While I was still thinking what an insult to women's intelligence such creations were, a light appeared in the object of my contempt.

Then truth dawned. It wasn't a hat, it was a lampshade!

5/- to Mr. G. Long, Flat 4, 339 Wickham Terrace, Brisbane.

ROYALTY WEARS GAY

Uncoupons millinery provides variety for rationed wardrobes

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

With coupon restrictions even more severe than during the war years, feminine members of the Royal Family, like all women in England, have to disguise old ensembles with new accessories.

New hats, which are unrationed, enable them to vary their wardrobes and to be, in spite of restrictions, still among the best-dressed women in the world.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH has worn ten new hats of all shapes and sizes during the past year.

The Queen, Queen Mary, and the two Princesses all had new hats for the Victory March.

The Queen's was the most dashing she has worn for some time. A violet ostrich plume swept across the upturned brim, and another fell in a graceful curl over the side of her head.

Princess Elizabeth's pale blue hat was a most sophisticated model. Small ostrich plumes frothed over the crown above a tiny pink brim and an eye-length veil.

Ironically, the Duchess of Kent, whose hats are more varied than any of the other Royal ladies, wore her St. John Ambulance uniform for the Victory March.

Though Hartnell makes all the Queen's clothes and most of the Princess', and Molyneux still dresses the Duchess of Kent, all

three like the stimulation of choosing their hats from several leading milliners.

Like every other woman, the Queen will buy a hat to cheer her up, to give a new lift to something she is tired of wearing.

It has often been noted that on her grimmest visits she will wear her gayest hat.

How psychologically right the Queen always is with her clothes is emphasised by the lines written about her during the bombing of London:

"And you wore your gayest gown, When London Bridge was falling down."

So to-day, when the British woman restocks her threadbare wardrobe on fourteen coupons, the ladies of the Royal Family give a lead in fashion by wearing smart and becoming hats (uncoupons).

The Queen, the Duchess, and the Princess love ostrich feathers.

The Princess wears a toque of

rich brown and pale grey ostrich tips with a brown simple tailored lines.

This coat, over a plain times figured frock, is the Duchess of Kent's blue model, having the same simplicity from severity.

All the Royal ladies wear the same basic line. Queen Elizabeth a double row of pearls, the Duchess of Kent a double choker.

Like the Duchess of Kent, the Queen wears flower and jewelled flower clips on her

The Queen usually wears earrings and more jewellery. The Maple Leaf brooch is her favorite one.

Paris hats are again being worn. The Duchess of Kent, who is very pretty this year in hats sitting well back on

The young Princess has herself gone on flowered hats, a straw boater, flowered the new spring shades of cyclamen, and deeper purples.

Another flowered toque, and blues and a wider brim with flowers encircling it are a few of Elizabeth's favorites.

These flowered hats are Princess Elizabeth's wither frock and coat, which is but softened by two garlands trimming the breast piece.

Throughout the war, and even more rigidly restrained peace, England's first lady remained well dressed.



Queen Elizabeth

- Ice-blue ostrich plumes trim a light-weight felt. (Above.)
- Froth of stiffened white lace in deep pleats encircles a straw boater. (Left.)
- Crown of pastel colored flowers is allied with a coarse straw brim swathed in veiling. (Lower left.)
- Victory Day hat, with the Queen's favorite upturned brim. Violet ostrich plumes sweep across the front and curl down at the left side. (Below.)



NEW HATS FOR SPRING

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Princess Elizabeth

• Mauve and pink flowers massed across an off-the-face toque lighten the severity of a tailored ensemble. (Above left.)

• Her most sophisticated hat to date, worn on Victory Day—pale blue ostrich feathers frothing over a tiny, peak-brimmed hat with an eye-length veil falling half-way to the elbow over her right shoulder. The hat matched a pale blue tailored ensemble. As well as her two ropes of pearls, given to her by her father, she wore a lapel brooch and earrings. (Above.)

• Rose-pink, lilac, and purple flowers in gay posies round the curved brim of a new straw hat for spring. (Right.) These are three of ten new hats worn by the Princess this year, nearly always with the same pale grey coat and a grey or figured frock.

The Duchess of Kent

• Posy of red and pink roses, stephanotis, and snowdrops on a tiny felt hat, swathed in a coarse mesh all-over veil. (Left.)

• Miniature spring garden atop a two-saucer brim in fine straw, by Suzy. (Right.)

• Talbot's black velvet and pink taffeta double-brimmed halo with black "bee-keeper" veil. (Far right.)

• Striking hat trimmed with apricot-tinted feathers worn at wedding of Lady Elizabeth Scott and Duke of Northumberland. (Below.)

• Straw bonnet with black gros-grain ribbon bow and drift of veiling, by Paulette. (Below, right.) This hat, the double-halo model, and the posy toque at the left are all worn with a black velvet coat, giving the effect of a different outfit each time.



Queen Mary

• While the other feminine members of her family vary their hats, the Queen Mother clings to the mode of three reigns. This picture was taken on her 79th birthday this year.



him doubtfully. "Just how rough, crude, and uncultured are you prepared to become?" she asked.

"I fancy," he said, "I shall be able to cut my manners to fit longitude and latitude. I see nothing resembling a drawing-room in our vicinity. My acquaintance with the book of etiquette is so slight—as you once pointed out—that I shall be able to forget it."

"What makes you think," she asked, "that you can come up to such expectations? Oh, I know you had a dandy fight in Gallup. But what have you ever done beside that? I once heard a wise man say that no man is grown up until he has struck his enemy and kissed his woman."

Kelsey regretted this as soon as she had said it. It was provocative, and she had not meant to be that. Far from it.

He, however, chose to answer seriously. "It is not necessary," he said, "to strike a man in order to know that you can do so if required. It is equally unnecessary to kiss a woman in order to know, if you desired to do so, that you could kiss her thoroughly."

"You've thought about it, then?" she asked curiously.

"I," he said, "am introspective by nature. I have spent many hours alone and have found it profitable to study myself. I have placed myself, in imagination, in many singular emergencies and speculated upon how I should conduct myself."

"There's a difference," she said, "between theory and practice."

"Not," he said, "if the theorist has correctly assimilated his equipment."

"I wouldn't have guessed it," Kelsey said, "but you've made me believe you are vain."

"It is not vanity," he said, "to estimate correctly one's abilities."

Continuing ... Land of the Torreonos

from page 5

"Correctly" is the trick word in that sentence," she said.

Before he could reply, the cook battered upon a frying-pan with a spoon, summoning them to the mid-day meal. They walked, Mike leading the way, to the ledge. He did not help her over the rough places as they climbed up to the coffee and beans and sourdough biscuit that awaited them. All the party were there. Uneasily, Kelsey noted that the Limey and Maxwell frowned resentfully at Mike, who was oblivious of their jealousy. It was the first sign of strain since the expedition had left Gallup.

One more day and night they were held fast in the canyon, but, on the morning after, they were routed from their bedrolls at four o'clock to start out upon the most toilsome day Kelsey ever had experienced. Not that she toiled, but she watched others toil.

It was a day of mud, mud, and more mud, of sandy creek beds which had become quagmires and into which wheels sank while horses strained and whips cracked. There were stretches where Povah had to guess where the road had been, and backbreaking hours of shovelling and cutting brush to spread upon the treacherous surface, so that the wagon might be tugged and hauled to more solid ground beyond.

After a day which had carried them no more than ten miles closer to their objective, the party rolled into blankets and slept the sleep of the exhausted. Even the Limey was mud to the waist.

On the third such day Povah presently announced that Kayenta was just ahead.

"How far?" asked Mike.

"Five-six mile," said Mr. Povah.

"This," Mike said, "is no time to be conspicuous. Mr. Povah, you know this country. Find a place where we can pull off the road and be concealed."

"Plenty canyons and draws," Mr. Povah said. "I calculate you'll be waddin' me to saahay into town and nose round."

"As soon as we are camped," Mike told him.

"Beat way," the old man said, "is to haul the wagon a piece away, where it can't be seen, and then pack what we need farther in."

It was not difficult to conceal the wagon. Equipment was then packed on the backs of the horses, and the party rode a quarter of a mile in toward the heights of a towering point, where they found a small level spot invisible to the eye of any traveller upon the road.

Here, for the first time, Mike directed that tents be broken out—small tents for sleeping, but not the larger tent that would serve for cooking and dining when they made permanent headquarters.

"Build all the fire ye got a mind to," Povah told the cook. "The smoke won't carry up over these hills."

He remounted his horse and rode as a walk toward America's most remote post office. It was two hours before he returned, and the party gathered round him to hear his report.

"I injured down to the rim of town," he said. "Wan't hide no hair of no automobiles, nor no excitement like as if strangers was round. I kind of scrooched round till all comes a Injun ridin' a

pony 'n' headin' for back yonder. Young feller. Drinkin' a bottle of pink sooty pop. Been to Kayenta aseein' life. Kind of shy, he was. Pockmarked young feller."

"Wa-al, we talked a spell after I give him my name. Hain't been no stranger in Kayenta since when. Looks like we beat this other party to it. That's all the news. Grub ready?"

So they were ahead of Pete Skillman and his party. Now there would be nothing to do but wait and watch for his coming. Kelsey hoped it would be soon. She had seen enough of inaction in their cave refuge after the storm.

Now, waiting for the call to food, she stood before her tent, peering at the volcanic cones that appeared upward on the horizon—black cones with greenish-grey deposits down their sides. Just a little way to the west was a tiny town, lost in all this immensity, but still a town where human beings dwelt and went about their daily tasks.

It was the last town. When they departed from Kayenta, they would leave even this rudimentary civilisation behind, soon to plunge into a vast fastness, upon which the eyes of white men never before had rested.

What, she was thinking, will that country give to me? It may give Dad his molybdenite mine. It may give Mike Bronson his torreonos. They know what they want, and will be satisfied to get it. I—I don't know what I want. I wonder what I'll find. She shivered a little as she lifted the flap of her tent and stooped to enter. And was her final thought, if it gives me something, will it bring me happiness or misery?

Next day, from an eminence, Kelsey scrutinised through Mike's binoculars the huddle of buildings that formed the town of Kayenta. Largest of them was a trading post, low, constructed of irregular blocks of rock, its almost flat roof supported by big timbers. Its windows were on a level with the ground, and its doors so low that one must stoop to enter.

She could see the road winding away to the south. "An automobile and a truck."

Mike snatched the glasses. "Two men riding the truck," he said. "Maybe five more in the car."

They watched the two motor vehicles approach and come to a halt before the trading post. It was as Mike had guessed—five men descended from the car. So there were seven in the party.

They entered the low door of the building and remained inside for a quarter of an hour, quenching their thirst. Then Mike saw Pete Skillman emerge with a shirt-sleeved, grey-haired man and walk towards a corral in which were a number of horses.

"Was your prospector there?" Kelsey asked.

"He was there," Mike said. "They're going to transfer to pack horses. No wagon. We'll have to do the same."

They returned to the camping spot, where Mike reported to Mr. Bobbs.

"Seven of them, eh? Call it six, if this Kelly is a sort of prisoner. Nine of us. Maxwell, Povah, the two Cornishmen, the two packers, you, myself, and Kelsey."

"But their six," Kelsey said, "will be pretty tough." She glanced at the men clustered round the wagon. "You've forgotten the Limey. He makes ten. Maybe."

"Maybe?" asked Mike. Kelsey did not explain.

"What do we do?" Bobbs asked. "Waylay them in the hills and take the prospector away from them?"

"Follow," said Mike. "Keep out of sight and wait for an opportunity."

SHARPLY Kelsey said, "Skillman isn't a fool. Do you think for a second he doesn't know we started out from Gallup and where we were heading?"

"I do not underestimate him," Mike said.

Bobbs frowned at his daughter. "I'm beginning to wish you were safely back home," he said.

"You're not a two-gun man yourself, darling," Kelsey retorted.

"I can send you back from Kayenta," Mike suggested hopefully.

Her only reply to this was a stubborn setting of her lips. Mike shrugged. He moved away to engage Povah in talk. Mr. Bobbs went into his tent to replenish his supply of cigars. The Limey and Maxwell, as if drawn by a magnet, walked to Kelsey's side and sat down, each with grim determination not to be driven away by the other.

"Have you men nothing better to do?" she demanded coldly.

"Could there be anything better to do?" Maxwell asked. "If I could get it through this Englishman's thick skull that three is a crowd—"

The Limey was supercilious and silent, but his gaze through the gleaming monocle was irritating.

"Will you go for a ride with me, Miss Bobbs," Maxwell asked. "Just the two of us?"

The Limey showed his even white teeth in a provocative smile, and Maxwell lurched to his feet, fists clenched.

"There's one way to settle this!" he said furiously.

"Tut, tut!" Cavendish said indulgently. "Temper! Temper! Pist-cuffs, what? Oh, I say, Maxwell! Settle nothing. Distress Miss Bobbs. Does she agree to crown the winner with bay leaves eh? Naughty! Naughty!"

"It might as well be one time as another," Maxwell said harshly. "It's bound to come! You one-eyed British haw-haw!"

The Limey continued to smile placidly. "Crude, Oh very crude," he bowed to Kelsey. "Have I your permission, Miss Bobbs, to go a little bit apart with this impertinent understrapper and read to him a jolly little lecture on decorum?"

"The sooner you slay each other," Kelsey said savagely, "the happier I'll be."

She meant it. Two weeks ago she would have been frightened at



What does life hold for a Seventeen-year-old?

Seventeen! It should be a magic age, filled with laughter and happiness. But for this something has gone terribly wrong....



A daily bath or shower with any soap is not enough to stop "B.O."—you must use Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient, is the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." That way you know you're safe, doubly safe, because Lifebuoy gives you both lasting and all-over protection. Get a cake of Lifebuoy to-day.

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



W.152.19



the prospect of two men fighting. Now she wanted them to fight, wanted them to pommel and batter each other. Anything to rid her of their unwelcome importunities.

The Limey shrugged and lifted himself to his feet. Then he stiffened and looked past Maxwell's rigid figure. "What ho?" he exclaimed.

Something in his face made them turn. They saw two riders coming into the little valley, two riders under sombreroes, spurs on heels. Another thing Kelsey saw with alarm—each man wore a holstered pistol.

The man on the left was Pete Skillman. She glanced at the man of her party. Everyone was erect, arms dangling awkwardly, mouths half open, tense, taken by surprise. The two newcomers rode toward the wagon, and Skillman threw up his right arm in the time-honored gesture of peace.

"Afternoon, Bronson," he said, and then, turning in the saddle, swept off his broad-brimmed hat to Kelsey. "Hello, playmate," he called. "Quiet secluded little spot you have here."

Please turn to page 23

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 6, 1946

* * * * *

SLEEP is the foundation of good health

* * * * *

How often do you wake up "fresh as a daisy," with that feeling of having had "a marvellous night's rest"? Seldom? The trouble is you are not getting the restful, natural sleep you need — and you cannot FEEL well if you don't SLEEP well.



To fall off to sleep easily and to enjoy the natural night-long slumber necessary to your well-being, doctors recommend a food-drink such as Cadbury's Bourn-vita, before bed. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita will provide, in easily assimilated form, the nourishment which your body needs while you sleep (it is a scientific fact that the body needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours). Made from the protective foods—eggs, barley malt, and full-cream milk—together with chocolate, Cadbury's Bourn-vita is highly nutritious,

containing Vitamins A, B and D, and the minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iron; yet because it is so rich in diastase, the element in food which decides how digestible it is, Cadbury's Bourn-vita will not tax the most delicate digestion. Finally, its calcium and phosphorus soothe and relax the nerves.

Buy a tin of Bourn-vita and drink it each night at bedtime for a month (simply dissolve two teaspoons of Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of hot milk by stirring). You will sleep better after the very first night and feel a sense of heightened well-being as the days pass.

Cadbury's



BOURN-VITA

EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Frock Service

"JEANETTE"

Pretty suit for best occasions

This charming suit is fashioned in rayon oatmeal crepe in lovely shades of pastel-pink, sky-blue, sea-green, dull rose, mole-b beige, and dark sage.

The style features a scalloped finish to the centre front, and the pockets and flat collar are finished with a soft double ruching. Skirt shows the popular slim cut.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 65/11 (17 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 69/11 (17 coupons) Postage 1/9d extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 37/11 (17 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 39/11 (17 coupons) Postage 1/9d extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO. 732

QUAINT POT-HOLDERS

These dainty holders are traced with motif on a tough cotton material in shades of canary and green and are ready for you to work. The binding is not supplied.

Size, 8in. in diameter. Price, 2/3, postage 21d extra.



NO. 733

THREE DAINTY COAT-HANGER COVERS

These pretty covers are ideal for your wardrobe. They are traced clearly on British cotton in soft shades of pink, green and lemon. The frame is not supplied. Size, 18in. long and 4in. deep. Price, 1/3 each; or set of 3, 3/- Postage, 21d extra.

No. 734

SWEET FROCK FOR LITTLE MISS

The pattern for this dear little frock is traced clearly on lamb-skin twill in dainty shades of shell-pink, Alice-blue, and sea-green and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 10/9 (5 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 12/8 (5 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 15/6 (5 coupons) Postage 51d extra.

F4315.—Charming frock with unusual two-tone contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide light, 1 yd. 54in. wide dark, and 3 yds. light color braiding. Pattern, 1/8.

F4316.—Casual little shirt-frock for smartness and comfort. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4317.—A variation of the soft suit with border and bow contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide, 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

F4318.—Smart little peplum frock for day or evening wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4319.—Smart bolero suit with attractive belt interest. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. wide for blouse, and 3 1/2 yds. 54in. wide for bolero suit. Price, 1/10.

"ELIZABETH"
Adorable hat
for winter:

This smart "off-the-face" model hat, featured on page 33, has been created by a notable French milliner for your immediate wear. It is the ideal hat to wear with your winter suits, frocks, coats.

It comes in delightful shades of black, navy brown, and pastel blue, and all shades are trimmed with a dusty-pink flower on each side of the face.

Price 39/11, plus 2/- post by age. It is sent to you by registered post. No head fitting is required.



* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * The box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

INTERSTATE OFFICES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Model Hat, Fashion Frock, or Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Box 328A, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 4010, G.P.O., Perth
Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane
Box 1250, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle
Tasmania: Box 150C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

TO ORDER: Fashion Frock, Needlework Notions, Fashion Patterns, and Model Hat may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given above.

F4315

F4316

F4317

F4318

F4319



Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 20

PETE grinned at Mike. "When I heard you were here, I naturally dropped in for a chat."

"When," asked Mike with the air of one completely flabbergasted, "you heard, we were here?"

"Grapevine," Pete said grinning. "Do you think there's an Indian on the reservation who doesn't know you've been on the road? I hadn't been in Kayenta twenty minutes before I knew friends were in the vicinity. You're looking swell, Kelsey. How's your father standing?"

"Give him the once-over," Kelsey said. "He's ten years younger."

Mike was not showing to advantage. He was being played with, but seemed to find no relief. He seemed clumsy and inadequate beside the debonair Skillman, and Kelsey was furious with him.

"This," Skillman continued, "is the only chance that I'll have to say hello. We're starting north in the morning."

"Oh, we'll be seeing you along the way," Kelsey said flippantly.

Skillman shook his head. "Inadvisable," he said. "I'd really rather you didn't. We're going into a bad country. Not fit for little girls. Apart from the pleasure of seeing you, my main reason for dropping in was to advise you to keep out of the badlands."

"But we're looking forward to it," Kelsey said.

Skillman smiled at her indulgently and then spoke to Mike: "Take the lady over to see the ruins around here. Nice outing. Well worth the trip. And you can play around with your hobby. But by all means give up the idea of travelling up toward the Four Corners."

"Rest your horse," Mike said. "The cook will have grub ready in half an hour. He makes very respectable coffee."

Kelsey stared at him. Even Skillman was thrown off his stride by the mild invitation.

"We must get back," he said shortly. "And so must you," he added pointedly. "Back home. You're wasting your time, Bronson. Can't you see when you're beaten? Be a sport. You've lost."

Mike did not seem to hear him. "And there's a venison steak," he said.

Skillman leaned down from his horse, still courteous, but commencing to stiffen. "If I could have your attention," he said.

"You have it," Mike answered. "Completely."

"Please," Skillman said, "focus it on the subject of molybdenite. At the moment, that is my absorbing interest. I am going up in the Four Corners country to locate and file upon a molybdenite deposit. I do not wish to be interrupted in my search or to be delayed or interfered with in any way."

"I sympathise with your determination," Mike said.

"It is a matter of business."

"Quite."

"I have organised my party carefully," Skillman went on. "The six men who are with me do as they are told, and I assure you that not one of them has ever been accused of being too gentle where his own interests were involved. Financially, they are interested, and it would be difficult for me to restrain their resentment if they thought someone might cause them to lose money. I wouldn't want to answer for them, try as I might."

"Briefly," said Mike, "you've recruited a gang of six-minute men who are rough, tough, and lawless. In a nutshell. They will resent it if you try to follow us, and accidents might happen."

Mike seemed to lose interest in Skillman. He was staring at Skillman's companion curiously. "Is this one of your tough men?" he asked.

"Thompson? He's my Number One boy. Fought in Spain. Has

quite a record in a bevy of Mexican revolutions."

Mike smiled a bit wistfully. Kelsey was puzzled. He had not risen to the situation or asserted himself or conducted himself as the leader of an expedition should do. She was commencing to despise him.

"Tell Mr. Thompson to get down off his horse," Mike said.

"Why?"

"Well," said Mike, "I've always wanted to know just how tough a very tough man is. If he will get down and start to be as tough with me as he knows how, it will be an experience, and maybe it will make me afraid of the other five hard cases you have in stock."

Kelsey caught her breath. Mike's words seemed clear, but somehow she was sure she was mistaken as to what he meant. Evidently Skillman was of the same mind.

"What are you talking about, Bronson?" he demanded.

"Was I cryptic? It was not my intention to be so. Let me illustrate."

He took one long stride to the mounted man, reached up a long arm to the man's shoulder and jerked him from the horse, catching him as he came down and setting him on his feet. In the tussle, Mike's fingers matched Thompson's pistol from its holster and tossed it to one side.

"That's what I meant," he said. "Now Mr. Thompson and I are on what you might call an equal basis. Aside, of course, from his toughness." He nodded his head. "Go ahead, Mr. Thompson, be as rough, rude, and uncultured as you find convenient. It will be instructive."

BIG as he was, Thompson was uncertain. He did not know what was expected of him, so he hesitated, looking to Skillman for orders and feeling unhappily in his empty holster.

"You fool!" Skillman said excitedly. "Do you want to get yourself shot?"

"He seems to have no gun," said Mike. "Can't he be tough without a gun? Then I think he is not very tough."

"You're seven or eight to one," Skillman said.

"Only one to one," Mike answered. "Then to Thompson, 'If you aren't going to obliterate me, I guess you'd better climb back on to your horse.'"

The little group was tense, silent, waiting.

Mike put a finger against Thompson's chest and pushed very lightly. "Get on to your horse and go away and be tough somewhere else. . . . Or maybe, Skillman, you'd like to show a few samples? I'm still not convinced."

"I've said what I came to say," Skillman said, not impressively.

Mike shook his head. "You come riding in here complete with forty-four, and talk in a very threatening manner, and describe how ruthless you are and will be if we persist in searching for the molybdenite mine. You have delivered a counter ultimatum. Now I will deliver a counter ultimatum. Namely, we'll be seeing you. Now, Mr. Skillman, get out of here, and the next time we meet be prepared to be a great deal tougher than you have been to-day. You will find it needful."

He turned his back upon the pair, walked to the spot where Thompson's gun lay in the grass, broke it open and let the shells fall into his palm. These he tossed away among the rocks. Then he presented the weapon to the man.

"Get going, the pair of you," he said, "before I lose my temper."

Skillman wheeled his horse skillfully, raked it with his spurs, and with Thompson a length behind him

galloped out of the little valley, leaving Mike with the last word.

Kelsey stood with elbows pressed to her sides. She was cold and hot, and her knees were trembling. Her father stared at Mike with round eyes and sagging jaw. Povah merely grinned.

Only the Limey spoke. "Stout fella," he said. "Well done."

Early next morning Mr. Povah came riding back into camp from a scouting expedition, and called to Mike Bronson in his rasping voice.

"They lit a shuck," he said. "Pulled their freight before us."

Mike gave orders to break camp, and then strode over to where Kelsey stood beside her father.

"Mr. Bobbs," he said, "after we leave Kayenta, it will be impossible for you and your daughter to turn back. I can make arrangements to have you driven south." He let his eyes drift to Kelsey's face. "You have had an outing. You have seen the country. Now I urge you to go home."

"No," Kelsey said stubbornly. "You heard Skillman. He meant what he said. There is bound to be trouble."

"Can't you," demanded Kelsey, "handle Pete Skillman?"

"I hope so. I do not want to be hampered by a girl and an elderly man."

"It was bluff," Bobbs gave his opinion. "Skillman would not dare resort to violence. How could he escape the consequences? It is known that our two parties are in this part of the country. Suppose, to put an extreme supposition, some of our party should be killed. That would be murder. If, to state an absurdity, our group should be wiped out, there would be a search. Skillman would be questioned, as he well knows. I'm convinced he was merely trying to scare us away."

"Possibly. I hope so. But does it occur to you, Mr. Bobbs, that we are the aggressors? Our intention is to seize one of their party, which in effect is kidnapping. The right of self-defence exists. Skillman could make out a substantial case." "Yeah," interjected Mr. Povah. "Who started it, eh? Who jerked Thompson off'n his hoss 'n' wanted to start a fracas? Mr. Bronson, he done so. Seems like we hit the first wallop."

He showed stained teeth to Mike in a thin-lipped grin. "Uh-huh, 'n' you made a pussional feud out of it, young feller. With Thompson. You yanked him around before folks. He won't sleep good till he's evened things up."

"My daughter and I have discussed the situation," Bobbs said.

"If one goes back, all go back." Mike stood silent a moment. He did not even shrug his shoulders. Characteristically, he did not pursue the argument when he found his case to be hopeless.

"Letters," he said, "can be mailed in Kayenta. Your last opportunity."

"To be sure," said Povah grimly. "Could be the last chance you'll ever get. There's things agoin' on that makes my stumick kind of quiver."

"What things?" Mike asked.

"Numb feelin' in my hands, like ma used to have. Then there's this kind of shifty, concealin' way the Injuns looks at ye. They got suthin' on their minds. I ketchin' a word passin' betwixt two of 'em. Mebby I misheard, but that there word sounded like 'walk-a-heaps.'"

"What does it mean?" Kelsey asked.

"What the Injuns used to call infantry or dismounted cavalry," said Povah.

"Probably," said Bobbs, "it refers to Skillman's party or ours."

"When a Navajo says 'walk,' he means 'ride.' When he says 'ride' he means 'ride.' Povah said, 'Um . . . Wa-al, one reason fur stayin' alive's to see what'll happen next.'"

Please turn to page 25



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by TIM



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HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
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KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 23

MIKE dismissed the subject. "Mr. Povah," he asked, "are there any short cuts between here and Mexican Water?"

"Could be. What fur?"

"They'll be keeping watch behind," Mike said. "If we could cut round and get ahead of them—"

"Might manage," he appraised Kelsey and her father. "Be rough gosh" for dudes," he said.

"The dudes," answered Mike, "have asked for it. They'll have to take it." He dismissed that topic. "We'll leave the wagon in Kayenta. Pack horses from there. We will be more mobile." He glanced over the scene. "We're ready to start."

It was afternoon before the cavalcade left Kayenta on the road to Mexican Water. Skillman and his men had a start of several hours, but that was not important. Kelsey rode beside Mike Bronson.

"What was the motive?" she asked "Were you just shoving off?"

"Motive for what?" he asked, giving her only half his attention.

"The drama/tes. Hauling Thompson off his horse."

"Oh, that!" he said. "You might—oh, certainly you might—call it research. The—shall we say?—scientific approach."

"To what?"

"The general subject," he said, "of toughness."

He looked down at the dry creek bed and lost interest in the subject. "We are now," he said, "in the heart of the country where the most typical Basket Maker and Pueblo cultures flourish."

"I'm not exactly in the mood for archaeology to-day," Kelsey said.

"I replied Mike mildly, "am always in the mood for archaeology."

"It is not a social grace," she said. "Mr. Povah has more gracious road manners. I'll ride with him."

If Kelsey was disappointed because Mike did not urge her to remain, she concealed it, and trotted forward to join Povah, who was slouched in his saddle beside the Limey.

Povah eyed her speculatively.

"All the times I been married," he said, "I hain't never once been married to nobody like you."

"Why not?" she asked.

"A woman like you," he explained earnestly, "would be teetotal inconvenient to a man like me."

"Why so? I'm really very nice."

"But persnickety," Mr. Povah told her. "This here's an awful dry

country. Naow, 'thout gittin' personal, I venture to say you git into a bathtub as frequent as every Sattidy night." His eyes were reminiscent. "Take me, I was into one of them bath-tubs once. Felt kind of ridiculous takin' off all my clothes jest to set in a big dish of hot water. I felt fur a week like suthin' had sapped my vigor. Yes'm." He wagged his head. "Nope," he said firmly, "you're perty 'n' all, but I wouldn't be wuth it."

The Limey leaned toward her. "To give a miss to the entractin' topic of baths," he said, "is Mr. Bronson a friend of the jolly old childhood?"

"I know nothing about Mr. Bronson," Kelsey said stiffly.

"Most absorbin' study of mankind is man," the Limey said. "I deem him to be a studious bloke, when, astoundin'ly, he discloses aptitudes for violence and tossin' round the gage of battle. Forced to revise estimates."

"Me," said Mr. Povah, "I been watchin' his smoke signals. He kind of grows on to ye. It's commencin' to dawn on me mebbey he'll do to ride the range with."

Kelsey understood that this was high praise from a source not given to flattery. It troubled her. She fancied she had rather despised Mike Bronson, but now he emerged suddenly as a personage who aroused the acute interest of a man like the Limey, and the admiration of Povah—who understood well the value of a

right companion in times of stress. She glanced sidelong at the Limey. The man's face was bleak. The idea came to Kelsey that in some way it was of high importance to him that Mike had demonstrated qualities of leadership and courage and capacity in an emergency. She wondered why. She wondered if the Limey was pleased by the development or troubled by it. And why.

Before nightfall they drew off the road upon a small, triangular meadow. A few gnarled and twisted cedars grew there. It was high, and from its eastward rim one could look down upon the ravine through which squirmed the sands of the dry creek, and see far across the terrain a serrated ridge that stood in stark profile against the eastern sky.

Again came the business of fire building, and the skillful, quick preparation of food. Kelsey was hungry. But she was not tired. That day's ride had been neither long nor toilsome. But the men, each dragging his bedroll to a selected spot, were soon snoring.

Kelsey sat by the remnants of the fire, embracing her knees. And then the moon came up with a soft, cold, eerie, mysterious light that soiled the disturbing magic of the scenery. Softly she got to her feet and fumbled for binoculars. Then, with a feeling of guilt, as if going to spy upon some forbidden witchcraft, she climbed a little above the flatiron-shaped meadow and stood searching the visible world.

There, for the first time in many months, she removed her glasses with the dark lenses in a place that was not shut in and private to her. As she peered wide-eyed, enjoying her moment of freedom, she thought she saw movement. She raised the binoculars to her eyes, and the movement became a little procession of beings, evenly spaced in their progress.

They were so tiny as hardly to be identified as human, until the glasses brought them nearer, and then one was not sure. She was not sure if they were men or what genus of creature they might be, for they were misshapen as their altitudes plodded along, black against the sky. She could not count them, but there seemed at least a dozen, and each individual in the file was a hunchback, long of leg, short of body, gnomelike.

Kelsey held her breath, and yet



"Now, darling—how would you like Mrs. Juggins to jump on your back and hit you with a fly-swat?"

she was not surprised, for one might fairly expect to see so unnatural a sight as this under the magic light. In this land of elves and dwarfs. She watched them as they passed, a mile, two miles away, in single file along the crest, and then disappeared. Twelve men with humps on their backs.

She rubbed her eyes and looked again, but they had vanished. She even doubted if she ever had seen them; nor, though she spied upon the country for an hour, did she catch glimpse of them again.

She picked her way down to the meadow, crept in her bedroll and lay quivering. What manner of country was this where a dozen hunchbacks would gather and march through the moonlight? And where were they going? And why? She shut her eyelids tightly and reproduced the scene. It was true. They had marched. A dozen beings, and each with a great lump between his shoulders.

To be continued

New York Round-up

U.S. undies show should banish women's inhibitions

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Women's one-time unmentionables have become most mentionable. Prudishness is being run out by manufacturers and retailers who are gaily printing poems about girdles, pointing flowers on brassieres, and offering plaid panties which at the drop of a skirt turn into slinky bathing suits.

THE shape of things to come is being shown daily at Corset and Brassiere Exhibitors' Guild Show at the Hotel New Yorker.

On two floors models pop in and out of nylon clings while buyers thoughtfully snap rubbered girdles and salesmen give solemn sermons on uplift.

In one corner of the showroom a man who is featuring brassieres which are wired—but not for sound—lyricized to a buyer, "Flesh is weak, madam, but our material is strong."

The firm called "Parapants" offers panties for jitters—happ creations emblazoned with not-so-modest slogans.

One manufacturer is sending models round the country to demonstrate the proper way to ease yourself into girdles.

"We want girls to learn to wear foundation garments rightly," he explained.

At the stand of Chique Creations a demonstrator, Georgiana Cusachs, explained: "This work's pleasant, but not any girl can do it."

"There's a trick in bending your knees just right to make a girdle look good, and throwing back your

shoulders to give personality to a brassiere."

Rose Marquette, another model, commented: "There's a real art to wearing underthings."

"Women have to co-operate with their girdles."

CANADIAN eskimos are engaging in "Stork Derbies" since being paid the standard baby bonus.

They've come to realize that with four or five children they draw enough in allowances to live in idleness without bothering to hunt or fish. But there's a good angle to it.

Among the more primitive tribes girl babies have always been regarded as a hindrance, and in times of famine they were the first to be expelled from the igloos and left to perish.

Now they are jealously protected by their parents.

JUST for a joke, Carole Bruce—the "Julie" of "Showboat"—wore a lampshade on her head as a hat.

But several friends fascinated by the result have asked for the name of her milliner.

AN employment agency in New York recently issued a call for 100 women taxi-drivers, aged 21 to 35.

Columnist cracks: "I never thought women drivers lived to 35."

GIRLS who work for the United States Government have been under heavy fire this week from representative Earl Wilson, a Republican from Indiana, and not to be confused with Earl Wilson, nightclub columnist.

This Wilson—the one in Washington—is serious.

Weighing-in with a stack of statistics, he set out to prove that Government girls receive almost as many days off in the year with full pay as they work.

Wilson said most of the girls—with pay and permission—were running personal errands, standing in nylon queues, or sitting in beauty parlors.

Among his charges: Many girls carry special "Government girl packs of cards" for use in the inter-office card games carried on inside the top wide drawers of their desks.

Engagement and pre-wedding office parties and stork showers for a girl about to take "Baby leave" were too frequent.

A representative of the girls commented: "I hope the stork picks the last few straggling hairs from his ungenerous head."

IN Dakota, a family named "Charity" has named its first-born "Hope Faith."

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PERSIL gives
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J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.317.19



The Great Musician was breathing heavily, and going "bang boom."

all browns and greens, while the road was a hard, hot red that hurt the eyes—a land without the softness, without the peace!

We come to her house and stagger through leaping dogs to meet her father and her mother. A small yellow puppy nibbles my heels all the way up the path, so that I walk like the dancer. We stand in the parlor looking at each other, feeling hot and without comfort. We overhear her father talking to her mother in the passageway. He is not happy.

"What with the Yanks last month, the Pommies last week, and now these Frenchies, the place is beginning to feel like an international settlement!"

Beulah's mother whispers, "Hush, Tom; they speak English!"

He then goes, "Brr-umph," and comes in looking red on the ears, and offers us black cigars. He seems relieved when we produce our own cigarettes.

Beulah comes in dressed for the riding with a hat that might have once belonged to her father, and I think perhaps I prefer the bird's nest after all. She says that, of course, we can ride, and if we can't we must begin at once.

So I mount the horrible beast, which rolls its eyes and tries to bite me, and Beulah merely laughs and says:

"Why, Pierre, don't be frightened. He's as quiet as a lamb."

We go to look at the sheep which are not white and fluffy, but brown and smelly, and we ride to the river where the ants crawl up the legs and the daisy burrs hide in the soft grasses. I regret leaving the city, and my nose is sunburned.

When we return home we find that Boris has arrived in a red automobile, and Beulah says she simply must take him to look at the roses.

I begin to feel all is lost, so Andre and I plot and we are struck by the idea.

That night when we come down for the dinner Beulah says they have something special to remind us of our home, like the way they made pumpkin pie for the Americans and Yorkshire pudding for the Englishmen, and as she knew the French were famed for their omelettes she had asked the cook to whip up a couple. Andre, he looks at me and moans softly.

Then someone says, "Where's Boris?" and Beulah looks agitated and asks if we two have seen him.

I look guilty and laugh a little and Andre blinks nervously and says:

"Tell her, mon ami."

I swallow the gulp and say: "No—you tell her!" and Beulah's father looks at us as if we are the cuckoos.

So we take Beulah aside, and Andre carefully unwraps from his handkerchief a piece of hair—a wig.

Beulah gives the small scream, and we hurry to explain in case she thinks we, like the Red Indians, scalp Boris.

Andre says that, as the joke, he had taken Boris' wig while he was in the bathroom and had forgotten to return it, so now, poor Boris—ah, it was so sad—he was without doubt searching his room and afraid to come down without it.

Beulah looked at the wig as it fascinated.

"But Boris isn't—well—men don't wear those things."

I laugh, I am very cruel. "Only if they are as bald as the egg."

"You cannot," declares Andre, "have a musician without the long hair!"

We see that Boris is becoming very much lower in the lovely eyes of Beulah, so Andre slips away to return the wig at once.

A little while later a very red in the face and angry Boris stamps into the room and I have much fear for Andre; but then my friend enters through the French windows and we all sit down. Boris' lateness is politely ignored, and so good are our manners that the strain lies heavy over the meal. I eat my omelette and it is as I expected, elastic.

After dinner Beulah's mother suggests that Boris should play for us, and he looks almost happy. Beulah makes the point so I lead her gently through the doorway into the garden. Andre settles himself on a hard green cushion as the piano goes "Boom, boom," and he pats his pocket and winks at me solemnly.

I give thanks that Andre is the man of caution and always carries two wigs—he is very sensitive about his baldness and does not now take the chances. I hope that Boris does not mention that he was locked in the bathroom for an hour before the dinner.

I turn to Beulah and she is very lovely in the moonlight and it is in her eyes that I will soon be able to tell her how I love her. I will teach her to speak to me in French and I will talk to her in this strange Australian idiom and thus understand this country where the sun is so cruel and the moon of such beauty that it pains—in the heart.

Her hair gleams and I am glad that she is without the bird's-nest and the vegetable, and I decided to be very firm with my Beulah when she chooses the hat! But one day I shall take her to my Paris, where she may buy herself the hat of the purple carrots, scarlet, celery, and perhaps the grapes—and it will be a decoration with charm and chic, not a monstrous vegetable, because it is a chapeau français!

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

ALWAYS I do not wish to go to the parties. But Andre and I, we are the French sailors (free), and the good Australians say, "Ah, the French love the life," and that we must not be the shy boys, and must have the good time.

This party she was very dull, and I sat on the cushion on the floor. Whenever I go to the party it is always I who has to sit on the cushion on the floor. It was a fat, red cushion with a hard button in the centre, and my legs had the cramps, and there was no room to stretch them even with caution. I do not like sitting on the cushion on the floor.

Then The Hat came in. Her heels clicked on the floor, and everyone went "Sh-h!" because the Great Musician was playing. He played on with the look of pain, "plinkety-plink," and The Hat took up a cushion with the blue checks and sat down beside me.

I called her The Hat because I could not take my eyes from it. A bunch of bright pink carrots with yellow leaves in a whirl of the tulle and the ribbon—it revolted me; it was monstrous, it was a—a vegetable, this chapeau Australian. But only I looked at it, for the Great Musician was now breathing heavily and going "bang boom."

A tall soldier with the hair of straw was watching the girl in pink with the look of adoration without words so that I thought, "Ah—l'amour," but she—oh, no. She was looking at the Great Musician, and her face it was ugly—ugly with the disappointment and the jealousy. I think in myself that she cannot be, as you people say, "doing so good."

Our fat hostess stands beside the piano wearing the look of a concealed fowl, and my friend Andre across the room fidgets because he

wishes to smoke the cigarette and does not dare, and I—well, I sit and hope my thoughts they do not show.

Then finally the music she stops and everyone claps the palms wildly. The Great Musician shakes his long hair out of his eyes and I see with surprise that he looks at me—but no, not at me, but at The Hat, who I now see to be young and very, very beautiful. Her hair is of spun gold and her eyes the smoky blue of the horizon when the day is clear, and her lashes they sweep in dusky fans against her warm, creamy skin.

Somehow, the party she is breaking up then, and everyone is saying at once, "Good-night, dear," "Simply marvellous," "Had a wonderful time"; but I hesitate and Andre has impatience. Although he is French he is not as free as I—he has the wife who ties him with the strings of her apron. Then I see The Hat is about to leave with the Great Musician, and I hurry and walk with them. Andre looks wise, the Great Musician glares, and we all talk together on the weather.

The Hat says, "Why—you're French!" with the look of a child who has been given its first puppy, and the Great Musician remarks with coldness, "Free—obviously!"

Andre suggests we go for the supper and we think it is a good idea, for always at the musical evening they feed the soul but never the body. We go to the cafe and I learn that The Hat's name is Beulah—ah, only in Australia would they give a lovely young girl a name like Beulah, crude and cumbersome, like a great fat cow!

She orders the steak, with mushrooms, bread rolls, and hot chocolate, and I feel pleasant surmise that she does not, like my sisters,

live on the leaf of the lettuce. The Great Musician requests in a hollow tone, "Just a cup of black coffee," so I think hopefully that perhaps he is ill, and myself call for the large omelette. Andre smiles, and soon I know why—the Australian omelette, it is like the rubber—you pull it apart and it would fly back again—ping!

We go back into the street and crowds are trying to force themselves into trams like the sardine cans, and I know I can no longer remain with Beulah. But The Hat, ah, she is kind, and she understands I do not want to go, so she invites me, with my friend, to come to her home for the week-end. The Great Musician looks on with indignation so she says, "You, too, Boris." (Ugh, Boris! Like the snort of the bull!)

She says she lives in the country so will call for us on that spot on

By L. STACY

Saturday, but Boris will without doubt prefer to come in his own automobile, as usual, she really must fly now, as she promised to meet her father and that she will see us all soon—then she trips away, a little without the breath, and alone. I feel the smug one as I wish Boris the very good night.

Beulah arrived to time on Saturday, and she was wearing another hat—the nest of the bird in pale green straw complete with a setting purple bird. I shudder, and Andre raised an eyebrow, and I tell myself to look only at her eyes, which in the daytime are the color of the sea under the sun.

In the big cream automobile we speed over the roads and see nothing—not even a farm or hamlet—and I remember that this Australia is the huge country with people scattered here and there like ants in porridge. The sky was blue, bright blue, and the country she was

CLARE

introduced her aunt, her voice and manner breathless. She hurried through to the front porch and picked up one of the pieces of luggage. "You remember this house? How about taking your things upstairs? Tom's out playing. Aunt Helen will call him."

Her voice was tremulous, her words tumbling over each other. He began to feel something like panic creeping over him as he followed her. Neither of them had presupposed that inevitable disappointment following on overlong anticipation; neither had known that nothing and no one returned to is ever the same as before.

There were two beds in the room that had been their own in this house, as there used to be. "Aunt Helen's been sharing this with me the last couple of nights," the soft, blurred voice went on. "She has the end room, but one of the new teachers was stuck for a place to go. She'll be going to-night, though. I'll move Aunt Helen's things."

That dream sensation of things and people crowding in between them seemed to be coming true. "Clare," he brought out desperately, "come here. Let me really look at you. It's been so long." The words sounded flat; perhaps they had been rehearsed too many times.

She laid down a bathrobe which she had taken out of the cupboard, and crossed the room, her lips parted. He thought she looked frightened. "If you had only let me know, Reg, so we could have been all ready."

"That doesn't matter. But do you think I've changed a lot, Clare? Do you feel . . . well, different?"

She hesitated, her honest blue eyes on his worried face. "Well, but not different for a while. But not underneath." She patted his arm. "It will be all right."

Footsteps came clattering up the stairs. A little boy, amusingly patterned on his mother, his eyes bright with excitement, a freshly brushed look about his fair straight hair, stood in the doorway, suddenly transfixed with shyness.

"Come here, Tom. This is Daddy, your own Daddy come back to us."

The child advanced slowly. "Hi, there, youngster," said Reg, with an awkward gesture. His own, a sturdy child, strong on his legs, nice white teeth. One noticed those things about a child. He could recognise nothing of himself. Any

Continuing . . . Going Home

from page 7

little boy could have come up to him and said, "I'm Tom," he thought, and he wouldn't have known. They stared at each other. "Did you bring me a bomb, Daddy?"

"Well, no, son, I didn't."

Clare looked faintly distressed. "They are always playing wars," she said.

Aunt Helen was in the passage then, calling Clare out to a hurried consultation about supper. "We're not used to feeding a man," she said, re-entering the room; but Reg did not look up. He was pulling things out of his kitbag and dumping them on the floor as if he needed something to do. An uncomfortable silence fell between them.

This intimacy of a common room was too sudden. The desolate hunger he had felt for her presence in those hot, wakeful nights behind him lost itself in the apprehension of two new strangers. He straightened, remembering something, fumbled in his shirt pocket and brought out a tiny package; two curved elephants, in jade and ivory, carefully wrapped in cotton. "All the way from India," he said. "The only thing I did manage to bring."

She turned them over in her smooth fingers. "They are perfect, Reg."

He watched her. "What is wrong?" "Nothing, dear. I only wondered if there wasn't some little thing you could have given Tom. It's children who look for concrete things."

Women make so much of a small boy, he thought, annoyed. "I'll see," he said shortly. He turned away. "There's a lot of washing here, I'm afraid."

"I'll see to it."

"You're busy, aren't you?"

"The children were practising for their Christmas play." Her voice became more confident. "You'll be here, won't you?"

"I thought we'd be down east by then if Fred could get us a house. My job's all fixed up."

Color ran up Clare's face in a pink streak. "So soon! They may not be able to replace me right away, Reg. Teachers are scarce." He waited, frowning, and she hurried on. "I thought you might not be settled for some time, that I had better plan to work for a while."

"Is that what you want?" His voice was cold. She could never have guessed how unutterably lonely he felt with his air castles dissolving about him.

"I—I don't know. Don't let's go into it now. Aunt Helen gave up her home in Edmonton to come to us and her tenants won't want to move."

"Does she come in on this, too, then?"

"Oh, Reg!" With a hurt look she went out, her arms full of clothes.

He couldn't begin quarrelling with Clare. He stood in the dainty bedroom, where his heap of crumpled shirts and underwear looked out of place; and perspiration broke out on his face and body. What a rotten start they had made, he thought.

Comfortably commonplace words floated up the stairs. "Oh, Reg, supper in ten minutes."

From the kitchen there was a delicious homely smell of hot food. He felt that Aunt Helen followed him with her eyes; he had become too sensitive, too wary of danger.

At the dining-room table he felt like a guest; how was he to conform to this narrow domestic circle? The child watched his artificial left hand, to which he himself had become accustomed, so closely that soup spilled down the front of his striped jersey. His great-aunt spent most of the mealtime over Tom's table manners.

"It will be good for Tom to have a man about," Clare spoke quietly. "A household of women . . ."

The phrase suggested cod-liver oil and discipline. Tom wrinkled up his nose. "Have you got a medal?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Did you kill a lot of Germans?"

"Mostly I was working on roads and bridges before and after the enemy."

"Oh," Tom couldn't take that in. He said "Excuse me" in one syllable and ran out. They could hear him shouting: "My Dad's home. Come and see if he isn't."

"You'll have all the little boys in

the neighborhood," said Clare, laughing.

"Looking for medals?" He followed her into the yard, where a number of children were making a leaf house. Tom jumped up and down. "Can we have a bonfire? Can we roast potatoes?" He had accepted his father now into the pattern of his own life.

The late evening was still and fringed with a touch of frost. There was a wistful nostalgic aroma about the heap of burning leaves. Clare stood beside him over the fire, and her sleeve brushed his.

"You would try to get away if I went to Ottawa?" he asked, not looking at her.

She hesitated. "I feel sure it would be better not to decide too soon."

He broke in. "You would stay here if I went East?" His tone was incredulous.

He looked at her helplessly.

She seemed to have retired into her old calm sweetness. "I'd hoped you might find work in this district. One or two of our friends had been looking out for something."

"I think I'll go downtown and buy some razor blades," he said, and, turning from her, swung out of the gate and down the street.

When he returned Aunt Helen was kneading bread in the kitchen. "Where's Clare?" he asked her brusquely.

"Putting Tom to bed." He lingered a moment, attracted by the old familiar smell of dough.

"Don't come to hasty conclusions about your family," she added, looking at him shrewdly over the top of her glasses. "You know a woman of her class. You know a woman doesn't stand in a doorway for four years, holding a baby like the Madonna in a stained glass window. Clare has had to decide everything while you were away."

He felt heat rising within him and could not speak. So this thin, white-haired lady had a personality of her own, he thought, regarding her compressed, decisive lips.

"Well, I've had my little say. I know you two should be alone, and Clare seemed upset." She threw him an apologetic glance as he started upstairs.

He could see through the open doorway the pyjama-clad figure of his son kneeling at his mother's knee. He heard Tom asking, "And I don't have to say 'Bring Daddy home safe' any more, do I, Mummy?" He clung to his mother a moment, peering round her at the man in the doorway. She turned, too.

"Guess I'll go to bed myself," he said. "I never sleep much on a train."

"Do, dear." He fancied there was relief in her face. Perhaps he should have suggested taking the other room. "I have some work to do for school. There wasn't a substitute available."

The next few days were not at all what he had expected. He dried dishes for Aunt Helen and listened to her telling how wonderful Clare had been through what she called the difficult years. Looking out of the window at the peaceful landscape, he found wry amusement in the adjective. He tried to make friends with Tom, but found a five-year-old a somewhat unsatisfying companion.

They avoided talk of the future. He was trying to recapture the old personal contact, for he realised they would have to be friends before they could be lovers again.

Meadows had a party for him in their community hall. "You will wear your new suit, won't you?" Clare asked him.

"If you like." He had been comfortable, in old flannels and a tweed jacket that were too loose for him. He opened his top drawer upon a neat pile of old ties. "That red-and-grey one would look nice with it," she suggested.

He stared down at the tie. It was one she had bought for him a long time ago, and he had always hated it; he never liked zigzag stripes. "Why didn't you get rid of this one? You knew I wouldn't wear it."

"Oh, Reg. I was sure you would come to like it."

He threw back his head and laughed. He knew now what it was about Clare that had always bothered him, that he had refused to admit to himself. She had always been so absolutely sure that she was right. "I shall have to burn it," he said. "I'm sorry."

She smiled over her shoulder from the dressing-table, as if she was determined not to mind.

He went over to her and leaned on the edge of her mirror. "I don't know if I'm going to get used to this civilian life," he said with a bright intensity in his face. "When I was in khaki I knew what I had to do and why I was doing it, and what I thought it was for, what was the end of it. I thought that peace and home and you were synonymous, that this was my final objective. How I must have upset your life, barging so suddenly into it!"

Clare's face, looking up at him, was frozen. He picked up his things and went into the bathroom.

Whatever impression he might have made on her, he thought she had never looked lovelier than she did that night, in a blue dress with a square neck, a string of pearls at her white throat.

It was a real small-town party; almost all the women at one end of the room, a smaller group of men at the other, with a few well-intentioned people trying to make mixed informal groups, and a merry hum in the kitchen over the quantities of food. And in the midst of it Reg watched his wife and thought that if he had been able to re-live the past years he would never have chosen anyone but her.

Please turn to page 28

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"Chips" Rafferty to work with Australian

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

With his easy manner and humorous Australian way of leg-pulling, "Chips" Rafferty has already made a great hit with the film colony in England.

Biggest surprise to him in London, besides the weakness of British beer, was the news that he will make his first film here with a pal who left Australia six months ago—John MacCallum.

TOGETHER "Chips" and John have brought quite a refreshing breeze into English filmdom, which has its quota of bored young men.

The only thing worrying "Chips" is the size of the British women stars. "Hey, listen," he said, drawing me to one side the other day. "Aren't all these English girls tiny? My greatest ambition is to appear at a film premiere with a girl star who comes up to exactly my own height. That would shake the boys who are always making wisecracks about my six feet six."

The two Australian actors are both having trouble with their search for flats. John, who has almost given up the hunt, is staying with his father in a small Baywater hotel, but "Chips," who is still new enough to be optimistic about finding a flat, is making the Savoy his temporary headquarters.

"I must get a flat soon," he told me.

"Because on that depends how soon I can arrange for my wife to come over to set up our own home." London honored "Chips" this week

by televising him in an afternoon programme from Alexandra Palace. The interview opened with a greeting from commentator Wynford Vaughan Thomas.

The television programme, which operates only once a fortnight, includes a dazzling list of celebrity interviews in "Television Pictures Page."

All the usual questions were asked, to which "Chips" made this easy laconic reply, "I can't say much yet about London policemen, but the trip over seemed like a voyage on a magic carpet, so I still feel a little like Alice in Wonderland."

John MacCallum at present is in Ireland recuperating from the terrific film fight he had with Michael Rennie over Phyllis Calvert in "The Root of All Evil."

The scenes are said to be some of the most terrific ever screened, and both stars emerged from their jobs very much the worse for wear.

"Chips" and John will feature with Ealing's latest feminine star hit, Google Withers, in "Joanna Godden." Her success in "Pink String and Sealing Wax" inspired Ealing to

select her for the title role of "Joanna Godden."

The film will be adapted from the well-known novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

The roles which "Chips" and John will play have not yet been selected, but they both will be Kentish farmers involved in the life of a woman who is described as "common, showy, and vulgar."

Location units already have been roaming Romney Marshes filming the lambing season, and the film promises to be a fine study of English rural life, as portrayed by one of its best interpreters.

The main theme is the study of Joanna, a woman who is a strange mixture of crudeness and generosity.

She inherits a good farm and decides to work it herself in her own way, in defiance of traditional methods.

She also defies social conventions.

News from the studios

By cable from

VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood.

LORETTA YOUNG told me she is preparing to play a Swedish farm girl in the RKO film titled "Katie For Congress."

"I am learning to speak with a Swedish accent from Ruth Roberts, who coached Ingrid Bergman to speak English and drop her accent."

"If I can speak like Ingrid I will be happy."

FRAGILE Ann Harding is no helpless beauty.

During her time off from the mother role in Warners' "Janie Gets Married," she personally harvested an avocado crop from a half-acre orchard.

Ann brought the fruit to Warner players on the set.

VACATION time finds stars poring over road maps and planning air trips as travel is opening up again.

Dick Powell plans to fly his own craft to a fishing spot in Mexico.

June Allyson stays at home this time.

ALAN LADD is building his own airfield on his Valley property to accommodate the planes of his friends who literally drop in for week-ends.

METRO plans the filming of the childhood classic, "Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, with Margaret O'Brien as the selfish little girl, and the new boy discoveries Dean Stockwell and Claude Jarman. This fantasy should have a "Wizard of Oz" type appeal.



BEVERLY SIMMONS, one of Hollywood's most promising youngsters, takes her puppy Aubrey on the net with her while she appears in "Little Miss Big" for Universal.



WHEN English star Patricia Roc was brought to Hollywood from London by Universal she met Charles Laughton, who is an old friend of her family. During scenes on their respective pictures they had many talks about mutual acquaintances in England.

Going Home

Continued from page 27

REG did manage to talk to the man of his experience; their kindness warmed him. Clare moved down the hall and slipped her arm through his. "But she can't leave you alone," one of the men said, and she blushed beautifully.

"Oh, I knew he would come back," she said. "I always knew."

Reg looked at her, amazed. He thought not so much of the fighting as of the half dozen or so of odd times when he had so nearly not come back.

So many of these people over here seemed to be ranged behind a barrier of remarkable innocence, inevitably so. It should be easier for him to do the adjusting.

The band on the platform broke into swing music. "Can you dance, Reg?" Clare asked. "Will it hurt you?"

"I think not." He put his arm round her. "Are you beginning to get used to me, Clare?" he whispered.

She nodded, smiling at him. "But you shouldn't say such things as you did."

"Well, I had a letter from Fred to-day, and didn't know whether I should tell you. He thinks we can get one of the new houses they've been building; says it's quite a decent place near the river. Clare, you'll try—you want to get away, don't you? You don't realise how long I've been sticking round in hospital . . ."

"I'm sure you have, dear, but I do think . . ."

He couldn't go any farther by himself. A pain shot through him and everything went black before his eyes. He fell heavily to the floor, almost dragging Clare with him.

There was a great commotion and confusion, Clare going home after a few minutes with Reg in the doctor's car, a coat over her shoulders and terror in her heart. But he wasn't so well, she was saying to herself, and it was a good thing she had her work. He would see that later on.

It was only after the doctor had

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stayed with Reg a long time, and had had a talk with her, that she broke down and cried as no one had ever known her to cry before.

The doctor was an elderly man, and at two in the morning he felt distinctly old. He had been overworking regularly for years. Aunt Helen had a cup of coffee ready for him in the kitchen. She looked old and tired herself, but she awaited him with interest.

"It will do her good to cry," he said. "I shook her."

The old lady came wide awake. "Oh, not with my hands," she said. "Though a lot of us could do with a real shaking. I sometimes think I asked her if she wanted to lose him."

"Oh, dear! Is it so serious, doctor?"

He gave her a whimsical smile over his cup. "His fainting," he said, "was largely due to nerves and indigestion. A woman can lose a man in other ways than by putting him into the ground."

She looked at him, startled. "He's been wanting to get home for a long time. Our men aren't fond of fighting. They just want to get it over and come back to a normal life."

"That should be simple," Aunt Helen suppressed a yawn.

"Nothing to do with human beings is ever simple." The doctor set down his cup. "People should never be too sure they know anything. And they've earned a priority, these fellows," he added, a bit savagely, getting into his coat and thinking of his brilliant elder son who had been lost at sea.

When Reg opened his eyes it was quite dark and he had no idea what time it was. "Clare," he called.

"What is it?"

"Nothing. I thought you weren't there. Don't worry. I'm quite all right."

She threw herself down beside him and buried her head against his chest. "You shall have your home," she said, in a muffled voice.

"Wherever and whenever you want it. Everything will work out if we make up our minds."

She clung to him. Perhaps she could now remember, as he was doing, those troubled leaves before he went overseas, when they could never be close enough to shut out that sense of peril and separation. "I am home now, darling," he said.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—July 6, 1945

Film Reviews

★★ THE HARVEY GIRLS

WITH a team of girls acting as waitresses, who would be given front-row positions in the Tivoli Ballet at any time, MOM turns out one of its luscious technicolor musicals. Stars are Judy Garland and John Hodiak, with Angela Lansbury and Ray Bolger as featured players.

Set in the 'nineties, the establishment of the famous chain of Fred Harvey restaurants across America forms the background of an odd story.

Judy Garland is the disillusioned dancer whose wedding, planned only by correspondence, makes her join the band of waitresses who have arrived at a small town and find bitter opposition from the dance-hall girls led by Angela Lansbury.

John Hodiak is the gambling-saloon owner who is made to see the light by Miss Garland, and altogether the whole town is given a spring cleaning by the beautiful and highly virtuous band of waitresses.

The stars do well, and Angela Lansbury again proves that she is one of the best young actresses of the moment. Music and settings are excellent. Watch for the feminine fight scene, it is one out of the box.—St. James; showing.

★★ GUEST WIFE

COMPETENT and charming Claudette Colbert takes this rather mediocre domestic triangle comedy from United Artists and gives it the necessary polish. Her efforts are much better than those of her co-star, Don Ameche, and featured player Richard Foran.

Miss Colbert is the wife of Foran (remember him as cowboy Dick Foran?), and Ameche is the writer who needs a "wife" to deceive his publisher. Usual comedy scenes result. Production is good, but Miss Colbert deserved a better story.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ NIGHT BOAT TO DUBLIN

ENGLAND enters the field of atom-bomb stories with a thriller released by BEF. Everything happens because of the disappearance of a scientist who is working for Eng-

land but is kidnapped by German agents. Robert Newton as the chief spy hunter has been seen in better roles, and seems rather wasted. Muriel Pavlow has her first screen chance, and suggests that she will do well in future films. She has the role of an Austrian refugee. Herbert Lom, who caused so much comment in "The Seventh Veil," will not raise much this time as a Nazi spy. Raymond Lovell is a plumply suave Nazi masquerading as a big business man. Scenes range from England to Ireland, best sequences being those in an Irish boat—Lyceum; showing.

★ BEDLAM

AS a quencher of high spirits this horror number from RKO stands alone. It tells of the appalling sadistic ill-treatment of the mentally sick people in that infamous London institution, St. Mary's of Bethlehem, better known as "Bedlam" in the 18th century.

Boris Karloff stars as the vile asylum chief who combines physical cruelty to the inmates with a leaning towards intellectual development. Anna Lee is the actress who gives up her career to aid the patients at Bedlam.

Settings are well done, but only the most hardened horror fans will find any real enjoyment in such a film.—Civic; showing.

SNAFU

ADAPTED from the stage hit of the same name, Columbia's production is a very dull affair. The film is as mixed up as the title.

Most regrettable fact is that in one of the last films he made before his death comedian Robert Benchley was given a role totally unsuited to him as the father of an under-age soldier who had tried to enlist and been restored to his family. Vera Vague also is miscast as the mother. Semi-serious roles are certainly not in her line.

Best of the cast is young Conrad Janis, as the soldier.

When audiences see the girl who is supposed to be the Australian bride of an American they will either yell with laughter or seethe with rage.—Lyric; showing.



• **LILLI PALMER**, wife of Rex Harrison, went with her husband to Hollywood this year after she had completed a long list of British films. Her last English picture was "Beware of Pity" for Two Cities, and she will return to London when their American contracts are concluded.



• **MARGARET LOCKWOOD**, England's most popular feminine film star, whose four-year-old daughter Margaret Julia will appear with her in the Two Cities Film "Hungry Hill."

Stars from Britain...

WHEN Viennese actress Lilli Palmer was introduced to producer Alexander Korda in 1935 and given her first screen test he remarked, "You are no good now, but in ten years you will be."

To the ambitious eighteen-year-old youngster ten years seemed a lifetime. Her mother had been an actress and her father a doctor before they left Austria for France, where, with her sister Irene, Lilli had worked in night-clubs as a singer, while hoping that some chance would come for her to become a dramatic actress.

She went to live in England, and later, after a first film role, she got bigger and better parts, though her foreign accent was still so noticeable that she always had the parts of foreign girls.

While acting on the stage she met Rex Harrison, who became her husband. Her fight to lose her broken accent was won when famous actor Alfred Lunt was dining at the Harrison home and referred to her as being "English." Nothing could have pleased her more.

Her best film role in England was in "Beware of Pity," a Two Cities film, in which she plays the role of a crippled girl.

With her husband and son, lovely Lilli is now in Hollywood, and she has accepted a film contract there, though she declares that they will return to England again to work, and not live permanently in America.

★ **ENGLAND'S** number one feminine star in popularity, dark-haired Margaret Lockwood, once wanted to be a missionary in India.

She was born in Karachi (India), but was sent to school in England to complete her education. After appearing as the Fairy Queen in a charity performance, her ideas about her future career changed considerably. She determined to become an actress.

Leontine Sagan (now in Australia) picked her for a small part in a London

production, and, soon after, she got her first film role in "The Case of Gabrielle Parry."

Gainsborough Films gave her a long contract, and she played a wide range of roles, from thrillers to farces.

In 1937 she married her girlhood sweetheart, Rupert Leon, and they have a young daughter, Margaret Julia.

A few films in Hollywood were not especially successful, and Margaret returned to England.

She has just completed a modern thriller, "Bedelia."

★ **TALENTED**, twenty-eight-year-old Rosamund John is such an optimistic person that she describes her early efforts as an actress as "rather fun."

With world critics lavishing praise on her for her part in the 1945 Silver Standard Award British picture "The Way to the Stars," Ros, as she is known to everyone from director to call-boy, must regard her present position as much more fun.

After education in England and France, Rosamund began her career.

She went to the Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, to learn acting, and later became one of C. B. Cochran's "Young Ladies" of the chorus. Work in repertory companies brought her a part in a London stage production starring Robert Donat.

Donat paid her the tribute of writing, "One of these days I will be proud to say I was one of the first to recognise her great gift for acting."

Her first film chance came when she was chosen to play opposite the late Leslie Howard in "The First of the Few."

About this time she met a young naval officer, Lieut. Russell Lloyd, who had been a prewar film editor. They were married in a few weeks, and in 1945 they had a son.

The unaffected charm of Rosamund John has brought her many friends and a comfortably assured future in films.

She is working at present in "Green for Danger," in which she plays a hospital nurse.—M. A. BECKINGSALE



• **ROSAMUND JOHN**, who received most acclaim for her role in Two Cities film, "The Way to the Stars," voted Britain's best picture of the war. Her ambition is to appear in great classic parts such as Joan of Arc in Bernard Shaw's play.

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1 BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS Captain Grant (Robert Newton) and Captain Hunter (Guy Middleton) receive instructions to visit Ireland to search for missing atom bomb scientist who has been kidnapped.

Night Boat to Dublin



**BRITISH THRILLER FILM ON
ATOM BOMB RESEARCH**



2 LONDON business magnate Faber (Raymond Lovell) sees Grant, who is unaware that Faber is enemy agent.



3 IN DUBLIN HOTEL, Grant searches for formula of scientist's work in room of known enemy agent Keitel (Herbert Lom), who has received report on atom bomb to forward on to Germany.



4 ON SHIP coming to Dublin, Faber receives report from ship steward that he now has come under suspicion of British Intelligence.



5 AUSTRIAN REFUGEE Marion (Muriel Pavlow) who is seeking British nationality is told by Faber that she must help him to escape from British agents, and she pretends to join spy ring.



6 AFTER MEETING MARION, Grant befriends her. Enemy agents are finally trapped and the scientist brought back to work for England.

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• A lumberman's plaid wool shirt worn beneath a red wind-proof jerkin to top beige gabardine tapered pants. The visored ski cap is made to match the plaid shirt. (Above).

• Popular in America is the Norwegian type of sweater. This one is white dotted with red-and-blue tassels to match the yoke design. Worn with royal-blue downhill pants and jersey helmet. (Top).

• The parka style continues a favorite with skiers; it is illustrated here in red wind-proof poplin with a detachable hood edged with fur. The tapered ski pants are in navy-blue. (Right).

• A suggestion of novelty in this tri-color outfit, the wind-breaker top in two shades of grey and yellow, the sleeves matching the darker grey slim-fitting trousers and the detachable hood. (Above).

• Streamlined and business-like is the one-piece-look about this outfit. Black poplin tuck-in top. The downhill pants in grey gabardine; the jersey hood and mittens match the red leather belt. (Above left).

MEN I MORE English FOUNTAIN PENS

with the
Quality Nib

Mentmore
Prices:

Diploma 18/11
Auto-Flow 26/3



AVOID COLDS and 'FLU

Influenza and colds can be avoided in most cases. You may escape the miseries of these winter-time ailments by taking a three day course of Anti-Bi-San tablets. Their anti-bacterial contents help the body's natural power of resistance—guards you against the risks of recurring colds and the danger of influenza. Results are successful, in a high percentage of cases. Take Anti-Bi-San Tablets for three days only—in 10 days you will be immune for three months. Ask your chemist for—

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26/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those state period pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.
Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

EYES BRIGHT
IT'S BACK AGAIN... THAT EYES-BRIGHT, EYES-BRIGHT LOOK.
BRING SHAGGY EYEBROWS INTO LINE

Two Glamorous Shades...
BLACK and BROWN
Smooth-marking Impression

TAKE OFF-ALWAYS SHAGGY
the use of it at the same time

KATHRYN KING
EYEBROW PENCIL

SKI . . . without tears

By CAROLYN EARLE



WHEN the barometer falls and the weatherman says, "Snow on the mountains," ski enthusiasts thrill to the thought of skimming to the bottom of snow-covered slopes in long, graceful curves.

They see themselves taking a hill straight in a breath-taking schuss (fast straight run), ending in a smother of snow with a perfect Christiania (turn).

So they look out their gear and those who have them wax their skis ready for this most thrilling of all snow sports. Just a moment, though.

1 KNEE BEND AND TOE BALANCE:

Position: Stand with feet together, knees straight, with elbows bent and hands held to the sides as though holding ski sticks.

Action: Rise to the toes, at the same time slowly bending the knees forward until you are almost sitting on the heels. Return slowly to original position and repeat.

2 SECOND MOVEMENT, to be done in conjunction with No. 1.

Position: Stand erect, knees straight, one foot slightly in advance of the other in regular ski stance, arms held as before.

Action: Bend the knees forward, at the same time throwing the body weight solidly on to the ball of the back foot. Return to original position and repeat, alternating the forward and backward position of the feet, and, of course, disposition of weight.

3 FOR SHOULDERS AND KNEES:

Position: Stand erect in same position as knee bend—one foot slightly advanced, arms in to sides as holding ski sticks.

Action: Bend the knees slowly forward, at the same time twisting the upper torso so that there is a definite forward thrust of one shoulder, corresponding with the rear foot. That is to say, if your right foot is in advance of the left, the left shoulder will be forward, and as you alternate your feet so will the shoulders alternate.

4 FOR CALF AND BACK THIGH MUSCLES:

Position: Stand facing a table, hands resting palm downwards near the edge.

Action: Keeping the elbows stiff, move the feet back as far as you possibly can until the heels are just a little off the floor. Now, holding that stance, raise the heels only from the floor, hold a second, and let them down sharply so that a definite pull can be felt on the calf and back thigh muscles and tendons. Repeat.

5 FOR ARMS AND SHOULDERS:

Position: Stand with feet together, your back to a table; place the palms of your hands so that they lip the table edge and you are in a good backward leaning position.

Action: Relax the knees and bend elbows backward until the shoulder-blades almost touch the table edge and you are supporting your weight on your shoulder and arm muscles. Return to upright position and repeat.

6 TENDON STRETCHING AND BACK STRENGTHENING:

This is an old favorite among setting-up exercises, but it does have a definite place in ski conditioning, so don't disregard it.

Position: Stand with feet about



It is months since the last ski season, and perhaps many, even of the experienced skiers, have not been out on the snow for several years. Also there are bound to be lots of beginners, who don't know a vorlage (leaning forward) movement from a hand-spring.

How will those unused muscles stand up to the test?

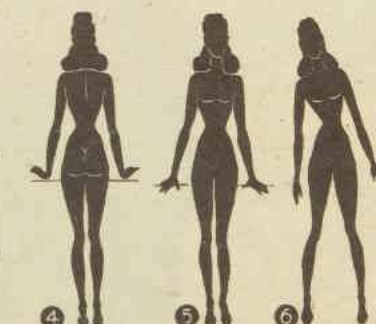
The bane of the beginner and the occasional skier is weakness of those muscles which skiing calls on specially, entirely regardless of whether that person is in good physical trim.

Weak muscles can't control skis, nor tense muscles respond with fluid ease to the requirements of this sport.

Even the polished performer might well know the ache of muscles used for the first time in the season.

So we have had these "minus-ski" conditioning exercises—to limber up the muscles you will be depending on—specially planned for you by a ski-ing expert, who vows they are equally good for the beginner, the occasional, and the professional.

When I asked him how many times each one should be done, he said, "Till it hurts," so use your own discretion; but be sure to do them at least 10 times each, once each day for a fortnight.



18in. apart, legs quite straight, knees flat.

Action: Swinging down smoothly from the waist, touch right hand to left toe. Reverse and repeat with left hand touching right toe. Get

into the rhythm and repeat many times, keeping the legs stiff right through the exercise so that the tendons and muscles down back of thighs and calves can be felt stretching.

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STOP BACK ACHE Rheumatic ills!



Day and night your kidneys fight to quit your system of the harmful acids, germs and poisons that increasingly attack your health and lower your resistance. When the kidneys fail, rheumatic aches and pains, stiff or swollen joints, and backaches often start. Soon you feel "Fit for nothing"—old, years too soon. But there is a reliable shield. Harrison's Pills help the kidneys and the vital organs in an amazingly effective way, bringing quick relief to sufferers. Give this unique doctor's prescription a trial TODAY. Harrison's Pills are sold by all good chemists, 2/1, 3/2 and 5/3. If, however, you have any difficulty, write direct to Amalgamated Laboratories, 170 Clarence St., Sydney.

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Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 20 years. Habituals can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

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Dept. W, EUCRASYS CO.
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BABY LOVES

to revel in the delightful cream-like lather of Cuticura Soap. It keeps his tender skin healthy and exquisitely soft and velvety.

One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura SOAP

WHY SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET?



Why suffer with your feet when there is Zam-Buk? You can enjoy real foot-comfort if you give them a nightly rub with this fine, soothing and healing ointment. First bathe your feet every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage the Zam-Buk into your ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. Start with Zam-Buk to-night.

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The Deodorant Cream You can trust!



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Cassiaes are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/ & 1/3.

Why Cough?
NATURE CAN'T HEAL WHILE COUGHING CONTINUES...

Stop Your Cough!
Take **Y-COUGH**

KILLS COLDS WITH KINDNESS!

1/3 AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



OFF - THE-FACE model specially designed to see you through the winter season. Suitable for any time of day, so that you can wear it out in the morning, but still be chic in it for a dinner date.

(3)

BACK VIEW showing model fitting snugly over the back of the head. This all-purpose hat has indefinable smartness, accentuated by the cut-out crown revealing hair.

HAT OF THE MONTH

"Elizabeth"—charming model priced at 39/11

SMARTNESS combined with utility, hardest thing of all to achieve, is an outstanding feature of the model hat specially designed by a notable French milliner for The Australian Women's Weekly this month.

While looking adorable, it has the snug-fitting shape so satisfactory during the windy, wintry season.

The designer has called it "Elizabeth," because the name suggests dignity and charm.

Made of soft felt, it has a halo brim sweeping back from the face, softened by a dusty-pink rose nestling

at either side of the forehead, and giving just the right air of femininity.

It is made in four colors—black, navy, brown, and pastel blue.

The cut-out crown, revealing the hair, gives it additional chic, and short ribbon tails add youthful zest.

"Elizabeth." The Australian Women's Weekly model of the month, costs 39/11, plus 2/- postage, and comes in a special box by registered mail.

Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department. Address in each State is given on Fashion Pattern page 22. No head fitting is required for this type of hat.

Looking from your windows

By OUR HOME GARDENER

IF you plan your garden well there is no need to go outside during winter to get a bright view of it.

It is a part of skilful gardening to lay out a few beds so that they make living pictures in the windows of the rooms you use most in winter.

Winter window views of your garden become artistically satisfying when you select shrubs, perennials, hardy annuals, or bulbs that flower in succession month after month during the colder part of the year.

Much depends upon your location, climate, aspect, and soil, and, for that reason, sowings and plantings should be those that will thrive in your particular district.

For instance, in cold climates only

the very hardiest of shrubs, such as arbutus, rowan or mountain ash, hawthorns, should be planted.

Berried shrubs are particularly bright during winter months. The crataegus, pyracanthas, cotoneasters, and snowberries are outstanding in the brilliance of their winter fruit.

Evergreen shrubs such as grevilleas, camellias, gardenias, callistemonas, Spanish brooms, and proteas also produce blooms during winter months in mild seasons.

The lovely Western Australian Geraldton wax shrub is especially generous during winter, and with chorizema, also from the West, and our boronias, eriotomons, and flannel flowers frequently make winter quite gay if planted where they can be seen from your windows.

LIGHT yet WARM
FOR THAT COOL DAY OUT'DOORS
in **Shrinkproof Sun-glo**

IT'S GUARANTEED NEVER TO SHRINK

Here's a girlish youthful jumper that you can wear right into summer. Just the thing for that unexpected chill Spring day. It's easy to make, too—follow simple instructions in Sun-glo Knitting Book Series 88 (Design No. 3160) that features styles in frocks, jumpers, cardigans and twin-sets for the teen-ager. Sun-glo Shrinkproof Knitting Wools are manufactured in Australia by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills.

Sun-glo Knitting Books are available at all retailers and news-agents, 7d. each or 84d. POSTED. Prock Book or Children's Book 1/3, or 1/4d. POSTED.

Or order direct from "Knitting Book Department", Alexandria Spinning Mills Pty. Ltd., 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

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Please send me Free Folder showing all designs in your latest Knitting Book. I enclose 1jd. in stamps for postage.

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Please write your Name and Address in Block Letters.

S.G. 28

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A name you know and can trust is important in a hearing aid. "Western Electric" has long been synonymous with peerless craftsmanship, first-rate performance, and unquestioned integrity in every phase of sound reproduction throughout the world. In almost everything you do... use the "phone, go to the pictures, you are benefiting from the achievements of Western Electric. Test the new Model 63 for yourself without obligation. Country residents unable to visit us, please write; our representative will visit nearest town or city.

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DIRECTIONS:

1. Keep away from steamy atmosphere.
2. Keep ratchet wheel free from dirt.
3. If Trigger action stiffens, use one drop of oil.
4. Remove flint pad before renewing flint.
5. Tighten screw occasionally to keep spring pressure on flint.

A GUARANTEED POPE PRODUCT FROM THE KITCHEN UTILITIES DIVISION

Soup!



● Carrot cream soup; Russian beef broth; onion and green pea puree — are the hearty winter soups illustrated.

By the Food and Cookery Experts to The Australian Women's Weekly

STEAMING hot soup, rich and flavorful, chock full of vegetables is ideal fare for chilly winter evenings.

CARROT CREAM PUREE

Two cups grated carrot, 1 onion, 1 potato, 2 tablespoons barley, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 2 pints stock, parsley, thyme, pinch nutmeg, 1½ cups milk, 2 table-spoons flour, nut of butter.

Simmer grated carrot, onion, potato, salt, parsley, thyme, and nutmeg with stock for 30 minutes. Add barley, simmer gently 1 hour. Blend flour, add to soup with milk and nut of butter. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Correct seasoning. Serve with fried or toasted croutons, garnish with mint.

RUSSIAN BEEF BROTH

One pound beef bones, 3 pints water or stock, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 1 swede, 3 sticks celery, 4 tablespoons browned flour.

Trim bones, remove fat. Cover with water, add salt, simmer 1½ hours. Add diced vegetables, simmer 1 hour longer. Remove bones, strain liquid from vegetables; thicken liquid with browned flour blended to a smooth paste. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes, return cooked vegetables, allow to reheat. Correct seasoning, serve piping hot.

ONION AND GREEN PEA PUREE

Half pound onions, 2 cups fresh green peas, 1 stick celery, 1 small sweet potato, 1 dessert-spoon fat, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 pints stock, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour.

Place grated onions and sweet potato in large pan with peas, diced celery, fat, salt, sugar. Steam 5 minutes, add water, simmer 1 hour. Rub through a strainer, add milk and blended flour. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with fried onion rings and parsley.

* All recipes featured by our Cookery Experts have been personally tested by them in The Australian Women's Weekly Studio Kitchen.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
July 6, 1946 — Page 34

HE'S BACK TO
HIS BLUE SUIT
AGAIN...



NOW THAT HE'S RID
OF HIS DANDRUFF!

Dandruff on a blue suit stands out like a beacon in the dark. If you have infectious dandruff — don't banish the suit, get rid of the dandruff with LISTERINE Antiseptic. Douse it on your scalp and rub well in twice a day. You'll be delighted at the way it cools the scalp, stops itching, cleans away humiliating scales, and kills the infectious dandruff germ.

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THE safe ANTISEPTIC

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BUTTER
SCOTCH

FULL SUPPLIES
OF
AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!

**Chest Cold Misery
Relieved by Moist Heat
of ANTIPHLOGISTINE**

CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL
IRRITATION

BOILS

SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES

Apply an ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE pos-
tively relieves
cough, tightness of
chest, muscle sore-
ness due to chest
cold, bronchial ir-
ritation and sore
throat.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE
pack also relieves pain, reduces swelling,
limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a
sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition.
It is also effective for boils. Get ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE at your chemist or store
today.



ECONOMICAL AND DELICIOUS loaf wins first prize in this week's
best recipe contest. Plump with fruit, flavored with malt and syrup,
it is good either hot or cold.

Accent on economy

● These are budget-conscious recipes
second to none in flavor and requiring very
small quantities of precious rationed in-
gredients.

MALT fruit-loaf wins
first prize in this
week's contest. It has
no eggs, no butter,
very little sugar, and is a de-
licious extra for the lunch-
box when cake supplies are
running out.

MALT FRUIT-LOAF

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch
salt, 1 lb. dates, raisins, or sultanas,
1 tablespoon sugar, 1-3rd cup malt
and golden syrup (1/2 of each), 3
tablespoons milk, 1 cup water.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar and
prepared fruit. Warm milk and add
malt and golden syrup, mixing well.
Add water, stir into dry ingredients,
making a smooth, soft mixture. Place
in greased loaf or bar tins, bake in
a moderate oven, 350deg. F., for 45
minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G.
McPherson, 61 Cecile St., Parkes,
N.S.W.

RABBIT FLAPJACKS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 tea-
spoon salt, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons
melted margarine, 1 1/2 to 2 cups milk,
1 1/2 cups diced cooked rabbit, 1 cup
white sauce, 1 cup chopped celery,
1 tablespoon minced cooked bacon,
3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Sift flour and salt, add beaten egg,
then milk and melted margarine.

making a batter of pouring consis-
tency. Make into 8 large pancakes,
using a hot greased griddle or fry-
ing pan. Brown well on both sides.
Combine rabbit, sauce, celery, bacon,
season to taste. Heat thoroughly.
Spoon on to cooked flapjacks, fold
over, sprinkle with grated cheese.
Brown lightly under griller before
serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
Bell, c/o Mrs. Gleeson, 17 Lisson
Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

CURRY HONGKONG

One onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 2
cups diced cold meat, 1 teaspoon
nutmeg, 1 desiccated curry powder,
1 teaspoon brown sugar, salt
to taste, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1
tablespoon soya sauce, 1 cup diced
celery, 1 cup shredded cabbage, 1
cup grated carrot, 4 or 5 dates, 2
bananas, 1 apple, 1 cup chopped
nuts (may be omitted).

Slice onion thinly, fry lightly in
hot fat. Add meat, nutmeg, curry
powder, sugar, salt, lemon juice
and sauce, diced vegetables, chopped
dates, bananas, and apple. Stir
constantly over low heat 10 to 12
minutes. Sprinkle with chopped nuts
(if used), serve piping hot with
boiled noodles, macaroni, or spa-
ghetti.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M.
Bellew, 3 Villamanta St., Geelong
West, Vic.

THE CHILBLAIN PROBLEM . . . By MEDICO

THERE are two conditions
which the medical profes-
sion has been blamed for not
being able to cure, and one is
chilblains.

But an idea has come from an in-
ternment camp in Japanese-occupied
China that is well worth trying.

Jean Wilby came to me the other
day groaning: "Just look at my
fingers. They ache and burn night
and day. Is there no cure for these
chilblains? I have been taking
calcium tablets, but with no effect."

I answered:
"We have known for a long time
that chilblains are caused by a local
disturbance of the circulation. Cold
weather seems to cause a spasm of
the small blood vessels in the fingers
and toes. The result is painful
congestion and poor nourishment of
the tissues, so that the skin may
peel off."

"That's why I can't rub them,"
said Jean.

"Quite so, but there is a possible
way of helping your trouble without
rubbing them."

"I've tried bathing them in metho."
"That is sometimes a help, but the
real chilblain news comes from an
internment camp in what was Japane-
se-occupied China."

"A European doctor who was in-
terned there noticed that the Chinese
artisans who did delicate work with
their fingers kept them supple by
rolling small nuts in their hands and
between their fingers."

"He noticed that they didn't get
chilblains, but most of the others in
the camp suffered severely in the
cold winter, made more rigorous by
a shortage of warm clothes."

"Where can I get some small nuts
to roll in my fingers?" asked Jean.

"I should think that the essential
thing is exercise for the fingers and
plenty of it," I said. "A lump of
child's modelling wax or paraffin
wax would be a good idea. Use the
fingers to roll and mould the wax,
so that the fingertips are given as
much exercise as possible."

"The doctor in China found that
plenty of finger exercise kept the
other internees free from chilblains."

"I'll certainly give it a try. I'm
so desperate I'll try anything. I'll
spend the half-hour in the train
each morning with my wax."

"Let me know how you get on," I
asked her.

Here is an opportunity for chil-
blain sufferers to do some research
work in this difficult problem.

I would be glad to have a report
from any who have tried out this
finger-exercise treatment.

Include in the report a description
of the fingers before treatment, the
type of exercise carried out, what
exercise material was used, how long
was spent in exercise each day, and
the description of the fingers after
a fortnight's treatment.

A comparison of the result of
treatment with the condition of
the fingers during the previous
winter would be of interest.

THE KEY TO THE TROUBLE



THEY ENVY JIM HIS
HARDWARE STORE.
THAT MAN IS MAKING CASH GALORE.



BUT JIMMY'S JOY IS
INCOMPLETE...
IN LOVE ITS NOTHING BUT DEFEAT



I'VE MONEY, LOOKS,
A HEART OF GOLD...
AND GRIMY HANDS POOR JIM IS TOLD



USE SOLVOL! KEEPS
HANDS SPOTLESS, JIM...
HE TOOK THE TIP... AND SHE TOOK HIM!

Solvol shifts grime faster...

Solvol cleans hands quicker, easier,
more thoroughly than ordinary soaps
ever can. You see, Solvol has a more
penetrating lather, a special lather
that routs all kinds of dirt. Get Solvol
to-morrow and in only 30 seconds see
how much cleaner Solvol gets the
dirtiest pair of hands!



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Delicious Gravy

Salts, seasons, thickens and browns instantly

Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles

QUICKLY EASED BY THIS
SYSTEM-CLEANSING

"Internal Bath"

Indigestion, dizziness, head-
aches, sleepless nights, stiff,
painful joints and muscles, are
symptoms which show your
vital organs of elimination are
out of order.

5-fold Treatment Gets at Cause
Thousands have found blessed
relief in R.U.R., containing the
five essentials for success—a
liver stimulant, kidney cleanser,

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system of accumulated poisons,
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tains no dangerous or habit-
forming drugs.

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Robson, writes: "I had serious ill-
health—muscles and joints causing
much pain and stiffness, in addition
to liver and kidney trouble. I feel
10 years younger after tak-
ing R.U.R. Back and mus-
cular pains have gone...
general relief has been
extremely great."

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AND RIGHT YOU ARE!





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"THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY!"